

# The Sketch

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# THE SKETCH



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No. 1505 — Vol. CXVI.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1921.

ONE SHILLING.



## THE LATEST ROYAL ROMANCE : H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY AND HER FIANCÉ, VISCOUNT LASCELLES, D.S.O.

The event of the past week was the announcement of the betrothal of H.R.H. Princess Mary, only daughter of the King and Queen, to Viscount Lascelles, late Major Grenadier Guards, D.S.O. (and bar), Croix de Guerre, elder son of the Earl and Countess of Harewood. The announcement that the Princess is making a love match, and will be the wife

of an English "commoner" who fought in the war with the greatest gallantry, was received with delight by the whole country. Princess Mary is 24, and her fiancé 39. He inherited a large fortune from his grand-uncle, the eccentric Marquess of Clanricarde, as well as Portumna Castle, Co. Galway; and he owns Chesterfield House.

*Photographs by Vandyk, Ltd.*





## OUR BELOVED PRINCESS.



AFTER several days of darkened skies and fog-laden lands, the sun burst over a golden morning at last. The very robins chirping in the squares and the squirrels in the Park knew something important was happening.

At Buckingham Palace, when I went to sign my name, there was such an atmosphere of joyous excitement over those waiting to express their loyal share in the happiness of the beloved Princess that almost one imagined the actual wedding day had arrived.

When everyone had left, I found the Royal servants the most excited of all.

"It is hard to realise she is old enough," said one beautiful old man, whose red coat was covered with medals. "I have carried her in my arms—the precious baby. It seems only yesterday. And no one but us can realise how really beautiful she is. And good. Oh, so good to us all! Always so good to everyone—God bless her."

But the words didn't mean as much as the sight of his dear old face. There was deep love in his eyes, and worship in his voice, and joy over his countenance all in keeping with the sunshine.

Princess Mary was his Royal Princess and his human little child, and his personification of young England. Above all, she was the happy Princess, of his imaginative boyhood, golden-haired and blue-eyed, and with a love-story all her own.

That Prince Charming should be a soldier was all to the good. A distinguished soldier of the King, a Guardsman, even a Grenadier Guardsman. . . . Yes, of course Princess Mary's betrothal stirred emotions. . . . It was right that she should marry a British soldier. I found the walk home very romantic. I remembered the first time I had met little Princess Mary. It was at Windsor, when she was a very little girl, with her masses of curly fair hair falling over her shoulders, and her chief occupation was in keeping the hand of her little brother. Even then her appeal was to the mother in your heart. Her smile was all love, and shy as she undoubtedly was, everyone could read the true sweetness of her nature through and through.

In church (and she often went to the Guards' Church at Windsor) she sang most of the hymns without a book, and sang with a true, sweet little voice that made those near enough really believe in the wonderful creed that holds the Empire together.

As an older child and as a young girl I next remember her at the delightful children's parties Princess Victoria always gave to celebrate her own birthday, when her favourite niece helped her act as hostess to the intimate circle of children who were honoured by invitations.

And then, best of all, I keep the memory of a quiet English girl wearing a simple V.A.D.'s dress at the Children's Hospital, Great Ormonde Street; the memory of a devoted war-worker reviewing Girl Guides, or distributing honours to women on the land; the memory of an earnest-faced woman, grown her full stature at last,

grown in mind and heart, and sympathetic understanding of all her country's sorrow, grown to the highest rung of a woman's power—the power of giving all that she has to give in life—herself—to the man her soul finds worthy of so wonderful a gift.

I know Lord Lascelles well.

The first time I met him was on the moors in Scotland, shooting grouse over dogs. He is a very fine shot indeed, but during the long days in the open I discovered that he is also a very fine man.

Somewhat delicate in appearance, very artistic in temperament, first and last an Englishman, with all an Englishman's love of country and instinctive desire for fair play, it was natural that he should do well in the war. Of course, he refused a Staff appointment. He was a regimental officer, and his steadfast determination to stick to his battalion won the hearts of all men at the outset. It was as natural that he should win promotion for gallantry in the field as it was natural that quite another type of man should rapidly grow rows of medals somewhere in the back areas. Three times wounded and once gassed, he finished the war

in command of the third battalion of his regiment—finished it, indeed, with a night of rain and darkness when in person he led the attack near Maubeuge, on November 10, 1918, so that the glory of recapturing the historic fortress fell to the Guards' Division.

A D.S.O. with bar, and a Croix de Guerre, gave him England's thanks and the gratitude of France.

Now the King is giving him his daughter.

Romance lives, and there is still poetry in the land, and love lifts up our hearts till we would not, even if we could, lift the veil of sacred mystery that surrounds the courtship.

I only know that as far back as June I saw Lord Lascelles standing in a certain drawing-room looking at Princess Mary as she graciously talked to an older personage on the sofa. And I

saw her smile at him during the first possible pause, and the Royal smile changed his expression and brought him to a seat beside her, and there he remained for the rest of the summer evening.

And I know that they have met constantly through the golden autumn days, both in London and in the country. I have heard rumours—rumours that started somewhere so near the hearts of lovers that it would have been desecration to listen. Indeed, the King and Queen were so longing for a love match for their only daughter that of late the whole Household has been on tiptoe, I hear, half-afraid lest the dream might not come true, wholly enjoying the romance that for weeks they have watched unfold.

And England—England and the Empire, with all the truest lovers of the land and the bravest soldiers—England cries: "*They shall prosper that love thee. Peace be within thy walls: and plenteousness within thy palaces.*"



THE HAPPY SMILE OF THE ROYAL BRIDE-ELECT: PRINCESS MARY DRIVES WITH THE QUEEN AND HER FIANCE, VISCOUNT LASCELLES.

No one who saw Princess Mary out driving with the Queen and Viscount Lascelles could doubt the romantic nature of the betrothal of our Sovereign's only daughter. Happiness shone on her face, as is shown by our photograph of the Royal bride-elect gazing at her fiancé.

Photograph by L.N.A.



# "40,000 B.C." in Piccadilly - At Devonshire House.



DRUID PRIESTESS; "40,000 B.C."; BOADICEA "PALÆOLITHIC"; "BRONZE AGE"; AND "40,000 B.C."; THE DRESSES WORN BY MRS. JAMES FORBES; MISS BLUNDELL; MISS WYNDHAM-QUIN; LADY WARRENDER; MRS. BELL; AND MRS. GORDON.



IN HER "BRONZE AGE" DRESS: MISS CAROLA COCHRANE, AS A DANISH WOMAN, "2000 B.C."

The Pageant of Dress, held last week at Devonshire House in aid of the People's League of Health, was a unique entertainment. The dresses represented fashions from "40,000 B.C.," as modern designers interpret them from the rock paintings which are the only available authority, and the Bronze Age and other styles reconstructed from

Photograph No. 1, by T.P.A.; Photographs Nos. 2 and 3, by Reville Studios; Dresses by Reville.



IN THE PAGEANT OF DRESS: THE HON. MRS. WILFRED EGERTON AS THE QUEEN OF BEAUTY.

various sources. Our photographs show some of the dresses made by Messrs. Reville from designs supplied to them, and Miss Carola Cochrane is seen in the dress of a Danish woman, 2000 B.C., copied from a complete costume found in a tomb. The Hon. Mrs. Wilfred Egerton is shown in a modern Reville model.



# The Jottings of Jane;

Being "Sunbeams out of Cucumbers."

IT was a joy to meet a Lady Cunard enthusiast the other day. She had just come from an afternoon party at Carlton House Terrace, and this is what she said: "There is not a woman in London who could manage that kind of party like Lady Cunard!"

It isn't so much what happens as what does *not* happen. When her latest find, the Greek pianist, M. Eustacio, was playing his exquisite repertoire of pieces from the Romantic school, a pin would have been heard dropping on the floor. Yet most of the audience

were ladies. And it was all informal and intimate, and Lady Cunard has the knack of making everyone feel that precisely herself is known to be much too appreciative of good music to whisper during its interpretation by a real genius. That understanding keeps even unmusical ladies mute as mice. It removes all necessity for small talk, and you settle down for two solid hours when you had only meant to drop in to tea.

Between pieces you are introduced to interesting people who somehow drag out the best in you. It is what they are there for. Adly Pasha, just back from a last interview with the Foreign Secretary (and extremely reticent about the things you burn to ask about—which keeps up your interest). Lady Rodd, who knows everything there is

India might perhaps mar our beloved Prince's Pilgrim's Progress through that country.

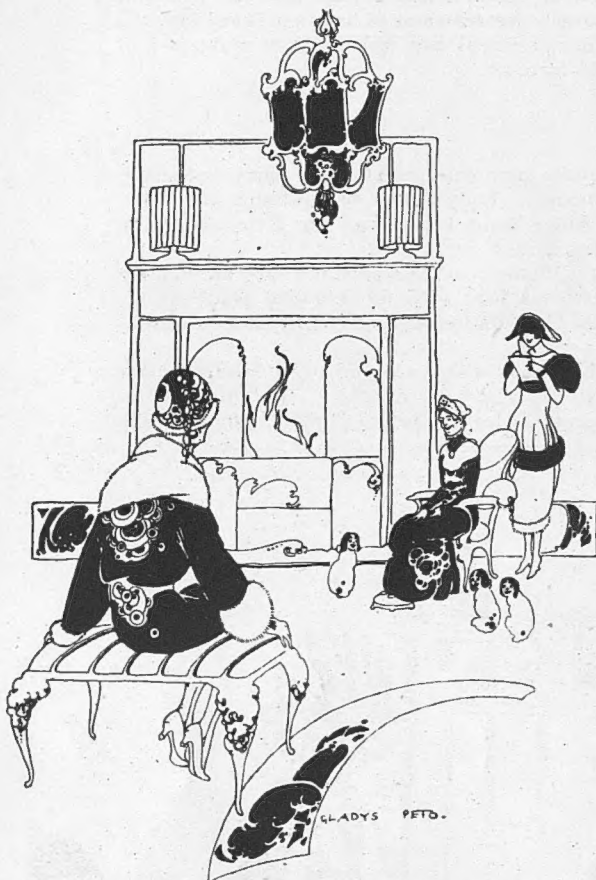
Oh, there was much to move the very walls of Lady Londonderry's old home!—and if ghosts walk the great lady who did so much for Ulster must be hovering very near earth these days. But Lady Cunard, very alive and alert—looking her best in a gown of smoke-grey chiffon, trimmed with sable—bade you listen to the music and soothe your souls.

And perhaps it was the music that put me out of tune for the collection of "Our Ancestors" next morning at the Gieves Art Gallery.

Am I middle-aged? Why can't I giggle at the drawing of "Cavalliero Bernardo Pshawo," or the portrait of "Don El-Rico Gaddes" (Founder of the Flourishing Family—according to the catalogue), or the caricature of Winston, or Lord Northcliffe, or Mrs. Asquith, or the rest?

So many people were amused by them. I only wanted to get off to some quiet studio in Chelsea, where some lover of the beautiful would show me a nude that did not suggest mere nakedness, an emotion that need not be vivisected, a colourful canvas brought forth of sheer necessity to express the inexpressible passion of a sentient soul for colour.

But I enjoyed watching the people. Lord and Lady Sligo were there, and later, Lady Ellenborough, Lady Mary Scott, Sir John Gordon, Lady Dawson, Lady Arthur Butler, Mrs. Harry Lindsay, Lord and Lady Stuart, Florence Lady Garvagh, Mrs. Dick-Cunyngham, who arrived with her great friend Miss Martin, and Major



1. Angela and the others had to get lovely new frocks for the Devonshire House Ball—and tickets too—in case they should win the motor-car. This is Angela calling on her dear old friend, Miss Once-Wass, who is telling her all about "the great old days at Devonshire House." Kitten, in the background, is taking notes.

to know about Rome—indeed, Sir Rennell Rodd, our ex-Ambassador, has bought a house there, and they mean to spend half the year in the land they grew so fond of during their long years of official life—in the land that has been called the second home of all Englishmen.

Mme. Thierry, of the French Embassy here, very young and very Parisian, and very intent on doing her part to cement the friendship between our two countries. Her husband has taken a delightful house in South Street, Park Lane, and they mean to give many parties.

Mme. Merry del Val, the Spanish Ambassadors, talking about the annual grand ball of the Ibero-American Benevolent Society (it took place last Thursday) at the Wharmcliffe Rooms, where Mme. de Gama (the Brazilian Ambassador's wife), Mme. Uruburu (the Argentine Minister's wife), and the Colombian Minister's wife helped her in her capacity as hostess to Spaniards, Portuguese, and nationals of Latin-American Republics in London.

The Society is thirty years old, and is a particularly well-managed one.

On Thursday, Señorita Isabelita Ruiz, the fascinating Andalusian dancer, gave an exhibition of national dances that delighted everyone.

Amongst others at Lady Cunard's little party were Lord and Lady Massereene, both boiling with excitement about the Irish problem—boiling even more than most people, I mean. And who has not been at bursting point all the week through, what with half our friends pro-Coalitionists, and half anti-all known party creeds, and the coming and going to and from Liverpool and Downing Street, and the publication, at last, of the name of the new Lord Chamberlain, and our indignation at the thought that any disturbance in



2. Angela then calls on her dear new friend, Mrs. Newleigh-Supertaxed, and passes the stories on to her. Her typist takes them carefully down.

Martin, who used to be in waiting on Princess Christian, and during the war was on the staff of the 20th Division, and before that in the 60th Rifles, the nursery of so many of our very best soldiers.

I went to the Embassy Club one night. And I loved every moment—only now I know I must be really *passée*!

There was an adjacent table where two well-known girls (unchaperoned, of course) were being entertained by two well-known



young men. I couldn't help hearing all they said. One young man ordered a half-crown cigar. One of the girls, in playful mood, snatched it from him and broke it in two. Astonished, but unbeaten, he ordered another. He had no sooner lighted it, however, than the modern Miss snatched it from his mouth and trod it under her aristocratic feet. The awful part was that he did not share her sense of humour. Neither did I. (And I am only in the very early thirties.) And every man who saw it told me he was disgusted. It was so like the other kind of women who *used* to frequent the dancing clubs. And,



3. And this is a corner of the ball-room showing Mrs. Newleigh-Supertaxed relating the stories. And the passers-by all listen to the reminiscences of One of Our Old Nobility.

say what you will, modern men *don't* like their girl friends to be like that. Especially with Coronas more expensive than ever!

Of course, I went to the Pageant of Dress at the Devonshire House fête on Friday (25th), as it was to help the People's League of Health.

Mr. Solomon J. Solomon posed the ladies, who all looked wonderfully well. I particularly admired Lady Sinclair and her sister, Flavia Forbes (Lady Angela's girl), and Miss Ponsonby, and especially remember Lady Warrender, Mrs. Roland Cubitt, Miss Myrtle Farquharson, Miss Wyndham-Quin, and Mrs. Berington.

The night before I danced at the Hyde Park Hotel (in aid of the Village Clubs Association), and there I found Lady Lovelace, whose party included Lady Evelyn Graham, Lord Apsley, Captain Miles, and Mr. Hopwood. Amongst other well-known people I saw Lady Shaftesbury, Lady Birkenhead, Lady Bledisloe, and Lady Mary Dashwood, and then I forgot everything and everybody and went off to supper with one of the "old school," who told me all about Lord Salisbury's life—told me even more than may be read in Lady Gwendolen Cecil's wonderful book. Amongst other things he said that Lady Salisbury had been a very great Prime Minister of England. It all makes me long to see Lady Gwendolen in the House of Commons. A woman who could write such a book would be a woman England might trust to solve some of the problems that now so distract the mere male Cecil.

Then we talked of the latest Court romance—Princess Mary's engagement to Lord Lascelles. I also heard of the Royal bride-elect in the hunting-field. My old beau was quite enthusiastic about the improvement in her riding. She takes her fences with the greatest possible confidence when out with the West Norfolk Hounds, and her Royal Highness has a little stud of well-made hunters, of which she is justifiably proud.

The Queen of Norway hunted a good deal too, while staying at Appleton Hall.

I have seen Lady Astor since her return from Knowsley, and I have heard from several people that she was the life and soul of the

party—the political house-party, I mean. Lady Stanley, Lord Derby's daughter-in-law, was there, and says she was much amused by the contrast between the previous *racine* party and the guests invited to decide the Ulster—or, rather, the Unionist policy. Lord Stanley and Lady Stanley (who is, of course, one of Lady Meux's lovely daughters) are just off to British East Africa on a big-game shooting expedition. On their return Lord Stanley is going to stand for Parliament, and will indeed be a valuable asset to the Lower House.

I also met Mr. Lindsay (who used to be at our Paris Embassy) the other day, and heard all the diplomatic news of the week. He is a younger brother of Lord Crawford of Balcarres, and is one of our most clever and interesting young diplomatists.

He said that Mr. Arnold Robertson (who has been British High Commissioner in the Rhineland) has just been appointed our Minister at Tangier—that jumping-off place to so many more important diplomatic posts. His wife is a member of one of the best Washington families, and is young and clever, and apt to be a great help to her husband throughout his career. During the war Mr. Robertson was Chargé d'Affaires in Rio de Janeiro, and I hear that his tact and general alertness were largely instrumental in bringing Brazil into the war with the Allies, though Brazil had hitherto been a hotbed of German propaganda and intrigue.

What other news?

Lord and Lady Farquhar gave a delightful dinner party on Sunday to their most intimate friends; Lady Curzon of Kedleston one of her interesting luncheons, where Lord Crewe and Sir Eyre and Lady Crowe were the principal guests.

Sir Eyre Crowe is the Permanent Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and a really brilliant man with international polity at his finger-tips, wit ever on the tip of his tongue, and tact beyond compare—a veritable paragon of a guest.

And I saw Lady Ribblesdale, who is soon off to St. Moritz for her usual winter sports with her charming daughter, Miss Alice Astor. And Lady Cheylesmore, who is leaving before Christmas for her villa



4. And this is Algy, Angela, and the others starting to the ball in the lovely new clothes they bought with Mrs. Newleigh-Supertaxed's cheque—and a motor-car, too, in case they don't win the presentation one. And even then there's something over for War Bonds and the gas bill.

on the Californie Hill at Cannes; and the Duke of Atholl already arrived with the Duchess to begin his new duties.

I do not think it is generally known that the Duchess of Atholl is very talented indeed, and plays the piano very beautifully—well enough to have made a great name as a professional if only Fate had not destined her for so comfortable a corner of the Peerage.

Her brother, Mr. Grahame, is the King's factor at Balmoral—another fact that is not widely known. IRREPRESSIBLE JANE.



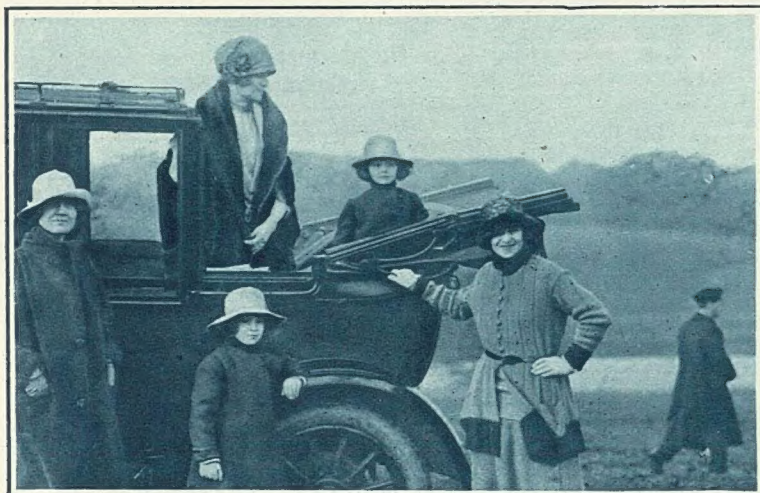
# The Duke of York out with the Belvoir.



LADY ANGLESEY; LADY GRANBY; AND  
LADY DORIS GORDON-LENNOX.



A FAMILY PARTY: THE DUKE OF RUTLAND; HIS DAUGHTER-IN-LAW,  
LADY GRANBY; LADY ISOBEL AND LADY URSULA MANNERS,  
AND LORD ROOS.



THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND; THE MARCHIONESS OF ANGLESEY AND TWO  
OF HER CHILDREN, LADY CAROLINE AND LADY ELIZABETH PAGET.



OF THE BELVOIR PARTY: LORD AND LADY ANGLESEY  
AND LADIES ELIZABETH AND CAROLINE PAGET



LADY ANGLESEY AND HER CHILDREN; LADY DORIS GORDON-LENNOX; LORD ANGLESEY; THE DUKE  
AND DUCHESS OF RUTLAND; LADY GRANBY AND HER CHILDREN; MISS ASTOR; AND LORD GRANBY.

The Duke of York hunted with the Belvoir from their meet at Croxton Park last week. Lady Granby, wife of the Duke of Rutland's son, was formerly Miss Kathleen Tennant. Her son, Lord Roos of Belvoir, was born in 1919; her elder daughter, Lady Ursula Manners, in 1916; and her younger, Lady Isobel, in 1917. Lady Anglesey is the eldest

daughter of the Duke of Rutland. She married in 1912, and has four daughters—Lady Caroline, Lady Elizabeth, Lady Mary, and Lady Rose Paget. Lady Doris Gordon-Lennox is the younger daughter of the Earl of March, and grand-daughter of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon. Miss Alice Astor is the daughter of Lady Ribblesdale.



ARRIVING AT THE MEET: H.R.H. THE DUKE  
OF YORK AND COMMANDER GRIEG.



# The Stock Exchange Dramatic Society: Its Ladies.



TO PLAY ANNE OF AUSTRIA AT THE KING'S THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH: MISS NESTA SAWYER.



MILADI IN "THE THREE MUSKETEERS":  
MRS. VIOLET LEWIS.

The Stock Exchange Dramatic Society will produce "The Three Musketeers" at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, on December 12, and will continue their "season" till the 17th. Our page shows the



GABRIELLE DE CHALUS IN THE STOCK EXCHANGE DRAMATIC SOCIETY'S PRODUCTION: MISS ANN CLARK.

three leading ladies of the production, which promises to be a very excellent show, and is certain to draw the big houses which one associates with all the Society's productions.

*Photograph No. 1, by Hay Wrightson; Camera Portrait No. 2, by Hoppé; Photograph No. 3, by Basil.*





“INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND..”

By KEBLE HOWARD (“Chicot.”)

#### Liverpool Revisited.

It was Mark Tapley, I believe, who prided himself on being jolly when there was no earthly reason for being anything of the kind. I wonder just how merrily Mark Tapley would have laughed had he found himself in bed at a Liverpool hotel, with nothing visible through the window but fog, with his throat in that condition euphemistically known as “relaxed,” and the prospect before him of having presently to rise, dress, and endeavour to amuse a vast concourse of people in a building not so very much smaller than the London Coliseum?

Mark Tapley, no doubt, would have revelled in such a situation. “The worst of it is,” he would have told himself, “there are alleviating circumstances. The fog may lift at any moment, the throat may get better, and Liverpool audiences are very intelligent and discriminating. Besides, is not the great city of Liverpool teeming with romance? Even if you cannot see it for the fog, you know that the romance is there! Come to think of it, there’s not much credit, after all, in being jolly!”

Very well. I accept the Tapleyan rebuke. One ought to be jolly in Liverpool. The delegates of the Unionist party—if that is the correct description—were jolly enough. I can vouch for that. In their debates they were apparently very serious, but, ah, the brave smiles they wore when they returned to the hotel!

#### Elaboration of Politics.

I never cease to be astounded at the elaboration of politics. Any other calling is childishly simple compared with politics. Politics, it is evident, can only be conducted by vast hordes of people. It is not the people who appear on platforms, and whose names and pictures are published in the daily Press, who make politics elaborate. It is the extraordinary number of camp followers, so to speak, without whom no politician of any prominence can travel a yard.

My hotel was filled to overflowing with these camp followers. They swarmed down on us in hundreds—thousands, for all I know. All the waiters turned white. The hall porter turned red. I don’t know what colour the chef turned—possibly puce. The young ladies who take the key of your room, and hand you your letters, and make out your bill, and sell you your newspapers and cigars, turned no colour at all. They were mildly amused by this sudden inrush of political folk. Not for years, I fancy, had they seen such a strange variety of dress-coats, dress-waistcoats, and dress-trousers.

There was a terrific luncheon, of course. You cannot settle any political business without a meal. I forget how many sat down to the great luncheon. I, needless to say, was not one of them. Not likely. A mere butterfly such as myself would have been grotesquely

out of place amid all this still pomp and suppressed power. But I had a look at the lunchers *in excelsis*. The lift-man managed it for me. He stopped the lift at a certain cunning spot from which I was permitted to gaze at fifteen hundred earnest political souls spooning up soup at and like one o’clock.

It was a sight one will not easily forget. It made one realise the unflagging courage of the politician the world over. Not one of those gallant fellows, I dare swear, would have blanched had the chairman suddenly announced that the luncheon would be followed by a dinner of proportionate length and grandeur. . . .

My eyes were dim with tears as the lift descended to the humble cellar in which I take my butterfly meal of bread, cheese, and beer.

However, re Liverpool. All this, however, has nothing to do with Liverpool as she daily lives. Hard things have been said of Liverpool by people who do not try to take the other fellow’s point of view. We have been told that Liverpudlians—the strange name by which they elect to be known—are rude in their manners. I do not agree. Admittedly, the Liverpudlian is not much of a smiler. His features do not easily relax or expand or contort or grimace. His face is a firm affair, even rigid. But a good heart underlies that granite exterior.

The best way to get into touch with the inhabitants of any strange city is to ask your way. This is my invariable plan. I have asked my way, in various languages, in half, perhaps, of the large cities of the world. I am constantly asking my way in Liverpool—or I was until my throat chose to relax, probably as the result of so much conversation with chance pedestrians.

The Liverpudlian takes great pains to tell you the correct way. He will even walk with you a mile or so. But he never smiles. The only people who smile are the “strangers here themselves.” They seem to think it an excellent joke to be asked the way by another stranger.

I don’t blame the Liverpudlian for not smiling. Liverpool is not a comic town. It was not built for smilers. It was built by hard business men for hard business purposes. Anybody who imagines that Liverpool is a pleasure resort, and resorts to it for that reason,

is a fool. Liverpudlians do not live in Liverpool for fun. They live here because this is the place where Fate has ordained that they shall earn money.

And they do earn it. That is their consolation. They are all over money. They may walk on greasy cobbles, but their pockets are stuffed with Treasury notes. Which, in a terribly expensive world, is something.



FAY COMPTON'S MODEL FOR HER IMPERSONATION OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS: THE FRANÇOIS CLOUET PORTRAIT. (SEE OPPOSITE.)

François Clouet's portrait of Mary Queen of Scots, now in the Wallace Collection, is considered to be a faithful representation of one of the most intriguing and romantic figures in history, and Miss Fay Compton has taken it for her model in her make-up as Mary Stuart. We publish this reproduction of the Clouet portrait in order that it may be compared with the photograph of Miss Fay Compton in the character, on our facing page.

HURRY UP! HURRY UP! HURRY UP!

“The Sketch” £100 Competition is entering on its last weeks. Do not waste more time: enter at once. See page h.



## Amazingly Like Clouet's Mary Queen of Scots.



A PICTURE COME TO LIFE FOR THE PICTURES: MISS FAY COMPTON AS MARY STUART.

Miss Fay Compton will play the part of Mary Queen of Scots in the Denison 'Clift' super-film dealing with that lovely and unlucky Sovereign, which is to be made in England this winter. She has long desired to be seen as the Queen of whom Swinburne said: "Though all things breathe or sound of strife that yet make up your spell, Man's love will never bid my Queen farewell"; and her

beauty, charm, and emotional power will find full scope for expression in the part of the heroine of one of the strangest, most tangled and tragic stories in the world's history. This photograph shows the amazingly faithful resemblance to the François Clouet portrait of Mary Queen of Scots (given opposite) which Miss Fay Compton has achieved in her make-up.—[Photograph by Dorothy Wilding.]



# The Ladies' Kennel Association Show.



WITH RIP, THE PRIZE-WINNING SEALYHAM:  
MRS. CRITCHLEY-SALMONSON.



MRS. S. SOTHERN AND HER COCKER SPANIELS: THE MAGIC  
WITCH, AND HELEN'S GLORY, THE BEST SPANIEL SHOWN.



AT WORK ON THE TOILET OF MACNELLIE WENTI:  
MISS OLIVE TRITTON.



MRS. VLASTO WITH HER CHAMPION,  
REPTILE OF ADDLESTONE.



HOLDING A LITTER OF "PEKE" PUPPIES:  
MISS OLIVE TRITTON.



WITH HER PRIZE-WINNING MINIATURE POODLE, MON CHERI  
BLANC: MRS. PERCY HARVEY.



WITH CHAMPION PORTELET TSU TING:  
MRS. WILMOT BENNETT.

Alsation wolfdogs, Sealyham and Cairn terriers, and Pekingese were the outstanding breeds of dogs shown at the Ladies' Kennel Association Show at the Horticultural Hall. The two champions were not, however, found among these, for the winning dog was Mrs. Vlasto's Borzoi, Reptile of Addlestone, and the champion for the opposite sex a fawn Great Dane,

Champion Ruffyn Veda, the property of Mrs. Charles Hambro. It is a rare thing nowadays to see a Borzoi champion. Our page shows other prize-winners, including Helen's Glory, the best cocker spaniel in the show; and Rip, the Sealyham who won three firsts. Our photographer was also impertinent enough to snap a Peke's toilet in progress.

Photographs by S. and G.



# Leading Jockeys, and a Brompton Oratory Wedding.



SOME WELL-KNOWN JOCKEYS OF TO-DAY: FRONT ROW (SEATED, L. TO R.): OLDFIELD, C. GILLEBRAND, C. WALSH, B. LYNCH, F. MORRIS, S. DONOGHUE, T. MORGAN, JONES; K. ROBERTSON, H. RAGG. MIDDLE ROW (STANDING): W. GRACE, G. STRYDON, ANDREWS, TIMMINS, A. BALDING, E. PIPER, H. JELLIS, G. HULME, V. SMITH, J. BRENNAN, S. RINGSTEAD, J. EVANS. BACK ROW: N. SPEAR, E. GARDNER, J. LEACH, M. BEARY, V. PIGGOTT, W. LISTER, F. FOX, F. LANE, W. SPECK



THE REYNOLDS—ORR-EWING WEDDING: THE BRIDE, BRIDEGROOM, BRIDESMAIDS, TRAIN-BEARER, AND BEST MAN.

The marriage of Mr. John F. R. Reynolds, eldest son of Sir James and Lady Reynolds, to Miss Millicent Lillian Elizabeth Orr-Ewing, daughter of Lady Margaret Orr-Ewing, took place at the Brompton Oratory last week. The bride was attended by Miss Barbara Reynolds, sister of the bridegroom; Miss Sheila McDougall, Miss

Valentia Lancaster, and Miss Helen Eaton. Her train of Brussels lace was carried by Miss Jean Innes-Ker, daughter of Lord and Lady Alastair Innes-Ker, and Mr. P. Barry was best man. After the ceremony a reception was held at 6, Grosvenor Square, lent by the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe.

Photograph No. 1, by Vandyk; No. 2, by Farringdon Photo Co.





PROBABLY because France is a Republic, she is fond of Kings. They used to come by nearly every train from all parts of Europe, and although there is now a diminution in the number of monarchs, and the ex-sovereigns for the most part are not welcome, Paris remains *par excellence* the city of royalty on holiday. In order that the tradition should not be lost, we make princes in every department of life. It is at this moment Paul Fort, who happens to be the Prince des Poètes. One uses the proper princely expressions in addressing him.

It is natural that this prince should be a lover of kings. At the Odéon Theatre he has just introduced us to "Louis XI., Curieux Homme." Now this production is certainly as curious as its subject. There has been nothing quite like it on the French stage before. It is not a play in the true sense—it is a chronicle in a series of *images*. Nothing connects these *tableaux* which roll before our eyes. Here is a piece of history made alive. At least, it is history according to Paul Fort—I am afraid that he is not always strictly correct. That, however, is a matter of no importance. What we have is a succession of gorgeously coloured pictures.

I do not know whether the author will set a new mode in play-writing. Sacha Guitry, of course, did something like this when he related the lives of great men in a number of parts. With that strange sense of humour which does not shrink from choosing the most *macabre* subjects, the revue-writers just now are making great play with mysterious crimes that are described as *les femmes coupées en morceaux*. Paul Fort shows us a Louis XI. *coupé en morceaux*.

The Odéon is very much in the public eye. The director of this national subventioned theatre, M. Gavault, is leaving, and the search for his successor is a little game in which we all join. Pierre Benoit the famous novelist, author of "L'Atlantide," actually induced a Deputy to put forward the candidature of a talented author of whom no one had ever heard. The most remarkable work of this young man was represented as a romance entitled "Un Train Entre En Gare." The unfortunate Deputy swallowed this story, and advocated the claims of an imaginary personage. It reminds me of a farce which was perpetrated some years ago when all kinds of prominent persons signified their pleasure in attending the inauguration of a statue to the great poet-philosopher, Hégésippe Simon. It was in strongly appreciative terms that various dignitaries responded. Not until their letters were published in the journals did they realise there was "no such a person" as Hégésippe Simon.

It seems probable that Firmin Gémier, who is undoubtedly the most remarkable actor-manager in Paris, will be asked to control the destinies of the Odéon. He has shown such distinctive qualities,

and has done so much for the French theatre, that it is hard to see anyone else as a serious rival. The Odéon wants a really capable manager if it is to attract an audience from across the river. It is on the left bank of the Seine, in the Quartier Latin, and it is difficult to induce fashionable folk to go to theatres that are not round and about the boulevards, or at least on the right bank. It has often seemed to me that it would be interesting to study the caprices of theatre-goers. Often the quality of the plays seems to have nothing to do with the success or failure of certain theatres.

One is glad to welcome back to revue Mlle. Spinnely. She is undoubtedly the most popular player at the Théâtre des Variétés in the new *mélange* that has been prepared by MM. Rip and Gignoux. What a delicious comic spirit she displays! She is recalled again and again for her dances and her songs. Particularly to the taste of her audience is her complaint, as L'Amour, that she is neglected for all sorts of stupefying drugs and stupid pleasures in these post-war days. We have been told by most of the writers of "echoes," how this admirable comédienne used to make waistcoats, and earned five francs a day! Happily, she was discovered for the stage, for she is certainly the most talented actress in lighter vein that Paris possesses.

I have asked "Jeannette" for some Paris fashion notes. This is what she writes: "The attempt to restore the corset is meeting with some success. But there can be no question of going back to the tight-laced stiff-sided *armure*—in spite of the demand of a well-known *couturier* who is desirous of introducing a closer moulding robe. Women insist upon freedom of movement, and intend to

retain the new-found flexibility of their *corps*. But it is certain that the waist has increased in girth. There are no more wasp waists. One of the theatres recently sought in vain for someone who could wear a costume of the Renaissance.

"But ceintures of a rather showy kind are more in fashion than they have ever been. They are of silver, of steel, of plaited leather, of jet, of painted and carved wooden beads, of galaluthe, of fur. Just now the monkey fringes, black and white, are much worn round the waist.

"Hats are almost exclusively black. At all times of the day black is worn. The shape is comparatively unimportant: the head-gear may be large or small, tricorné, Harlequin, with wide down-turned brim, with irregular up-turned brim, with drooping plumes or fringes—the only definite feature is that the colour should be black, and the material panne, for preference!"—SISLEY HUDDLESTON.



THE VERSATILE CAPTAIN HOOK FOR THIS YEAR'S "PETER PAN": MR. ERNEST THESIGER DOES A LIGHTNING SKETCH OF MARCHIONESS CURZON.

Mr. Ernest Thesiger, who will take the part of Captain Hook in this year's production of "Peter Pan," is a versatile man, for he is not only an extremely clever actor who can play modern comedy, farce, and costume parts with equal success, but is an adept at lightning sketches. During the war he earned several hundred pounds for the Red Cross by his quick sketch portraits; and at the recent Christmas Gift Sale for the Children's Country Holiday Fund he gave his services for the cause. Marchioness Curzon, who opened the sale, was one of his sitters.

Photograph by C.N.



## Housebreak Heart !



THE VALET : There's burglars in the library, Sir.

HIS LORDSHIP : Right, Smithson. Bring me a gun—and—er—I'll wear my new grey tweeds.

DRAWN BY LENDON.





AT THE CHRISTMAS GIFT SALE IN AID OF THE CHILDREN'S COUNTRY HOLIDAY FUND: MRS. HORNBY LEWIS, THE COUNTESS OF ARRAN, THE HON. EVELYN HANDCOCK, LADY CARSON, AND LADY CASTLEMAINE (L. TO R.).



INCLUDING THE LORD CHANCELLOR: THE HOUSE OF COMMONS LAWN-TENNIS TEAM.



THE EARL OF HARRINGTON'S MEET AT SHIPLEY HALL: ANGELA AND PETER MUNDY WITH THE HOUNDS.



STALL-HOLDERS AND SALESWOMEN AT THE CHRISTMAS GIFT BAZAAR: GRACE LADY NEWBOROUGH, THE HON. MRS. SOMERSET, LADY CHEYLESMORE, AND VISCOUNTESS HAMBLEDEN (L. TO R.)

The Christmas Gift Sale in aid of the Children's Country Holiday Fund, held at 3, Grosvenor Place, lent by Viscountess Hambleden, was a great success. It was opened by Marchioness Curzon, and the saleswomen and stall-holders included Lady Castlemaine and her daughter, the Hon. Evelyn Handcock; Mrs. Hornby Lewis, of 29, Park Lane, and Danesfield, Great Marlow; and Lady Carson.—

The names in our photograph of the House of Commons Lawn-Tennis Team are (l. to r.): Sir Samuel Hoare, Sir Harold Smith, Lord Birkenhead, and Sir Reginald Blair; and (standing) Mr. C. E. Leo Lyle and Major Cartwright.—Angela and Peter Mundy are the children of Major Mundy, of Shipley Hall, where the Earl of Harrington's met recently.—[Photographs by S. and G., C.N., and Alferi.]



## Black Lace and Golden Locks: A Venetian Vision.



MANTILLA-ED FOR "THE FUN OF THE FAYRE": MISS MEUM STEWART.

The fascinating dresses worn in the "Legend of Old Venice" in "The Fun of the Fayre" are a great feature of the London Pavilion success. Our page shows Miss Meum Stewart, the pretty blonde who has been sculptured by Epstein, and has sat to other famous artists, in a quaint

Venetian costume. The cloak-dress of black lace meets the black velvet Marquise hat, just allowing some of Miss Stewart's lovely fair hair to escape on either side. It is a daring and fascinating stage toilette.

*Photograph by Foulsham and Bunfield, Ltd.*





## THE RING. BY JAY E. FOREST.

PHYLLIDA THORNTON was one of those bright young people who make England, the England of 1921, what she is.

An education begun upon Montessori lines (when her passion for modelling in plasticene was treated by her parents with a respect which enabled her to avoid less attractive studies), and crowned by a couple of years in Paris, had given her that efficient and intelligent air which the young woman of to-day so often exhibits.

It did not seem possible that life could win from her a start of surprise, or even the flicker of an eyelid, for she knew all about life—not merely all about the polite and pleasant side of life, but she had diligently pried into the things of which, once upon a time, women—and men, too—were, perhaps happily, in ignorance.

She was prepared to discuss Sigismund Freud's views of the Unconscious, and was thoroughly well acquainted with Mr. Havelock Ellis's investigations of the abnormal. She looked, of course, like a Florentine page—with her thick, short hair, and her complete absence of "figure." She was chivalrous and pleasant to her mother, and treated her father as if he were a jolly, but rather stupid elder brother; and all this was perfectly in order, for she was a typical specimen of the 1920-1921 model. But sometimes her mother would say, a little doubtfully: "The child doesn't seem to have any *feeling*"; and her father—who had his own doubts, which he refused even to admit to himself—would reply: "She's a splendid kid, Nellie—I expect she'll set the Thames on fire one of these days."

And then something happened to Phyllida, which she could not logically explain, and which produced in her "reactions" of a kind that were at once surprising and humiliating, for she found herself suddenly and inexplicably interested, to the exclusion of everything else, in a young man who had hitherto been no more to her than any other young man with whom she danced and lunched and dined.

She had apparently suddenly gone mad. Basil Graves was a perfectly ordinary young man, blessed with the attractions, and marred by the faults, which ninety-nine out of a hundred young Englishmen exhibit. Nevertheless, Phyllida, who before all else was profoundly critical, suddenly discovered him to possess all the virtues and graces, and to be wholly without defects, physical or mental.

Now, Phyllida was a very serious young woman, and one who detested "silliness" with her whole heart, and by silliness she meant all those soft gradations of feeling she had observed in other people, which she knew frequently culminated in an "engagement," leading in its turn to the preposterous bondage of holy matrimony. Phyllida, of course, did not approve of marriage, and when the accidental contact of Basil Graves' hand with her own (he was passing her the salt) produced in her the sort of queer vasomotor contractions which, as she put it to herself, "one feels when one's taxi's near as doesn't matter crashes into the other man's," she quite seriously concluded there must be something pretty bad the matter with her; and then, with her cheeks slightly pinker than usual, she looked over at Basil and saw quite clearly that he wasn't in the least like any other man in the world.

It was odd, of course, that she had never noticed before how different he was, and she stared at him to make perfectly sure, and then she found that Basil's eyes rather suggested that he thought her different too.

After that evening Phyllida began to understand the true inwardness of "silliness." She learnt what it was to tremble because another person came up and said "Hullo!"—in the graceful 1920-1921 mode.

She also learnt the agonising despair which may result from a: "Sorry, old thing! Shan't be able to blow round this evening," communicated over the telephone wire; and later she became what one of her bright, efficient, broad-minded girl friends called "broody."

The people who were looking on were rather worried.

"If that young devil is playing about with my little girl there'll be trouble," contributed Phyllida's father to the low-voiced consultation her mother had initiated.

"Young men never seem to mean anything nowadays," she said, with an anxious sigh, and added that the child looked quite ill; and whereas she had once expressed the opinion that her daughter was incapable of feeling, she now began to fear she had too much. And Phyllida, with the fine frankness to which her mother had been a stranger, made no secret of her "meaning." She adored Basil Graves as it were from the housetops. She blushed divinely when he entered the room, and paled quite alarmingly when he left her. She listened with the rapt air of the devotee to anything he said,

and grew timid and diffident about expressing her own opinions. She lay awake at night and called Basil's name aloud, in an ecstasy of longing; and when she went to sleep, she dreamed the classic dreams of youth, and, waking, had failed to remember Mr. Freud and his interpretations. She had, in fact, fallen in love, in the grand manner. What Basil was feeling about the whole business was not very clear. He came and went in the casual fashion of his generation, took Phyllida to dances, to dinners, and to lunches. Took her, too, for long motor drives into the country—drives during which the girl lay back against the cushions Basil had arranged for her, with a feeling of almost terrible joy in his proximity.

But after each drive her mother, glancing anxiously at the girl's face, knew that Basil had not "said anything" yet, and deeply regretted that it was no longer possible for a parent to inquire into the nature of a young man's "intentions." She also wished that she dared assault her daughter's proud and boyish reserve with tenderness; she wanted to fold the slim, upright figure in her arms and to draw the Florentine-page head down upon her breast. It was not, however, possible to do anything of the kind, for the bright and intelligent young persons of the present era do not encourage demonstrations on the part of their parents.

And then one day, when they were facing each other across one of the little tables in the Yellow Room of the Presto Restaurant, Basil, meeting Phyllida's adoring eyes, said—

"What about fixing things up with the parson, Phil?" in reply to which Phyllida, suddenly very pale, stammered in a low voice—

"Do—do—you really like me, Basil?" and Basil had replied—

"'Course I do, old thing—what about it?"

In this wise did Eros stoop and lift Phyllida upon a wave of almost intolerable bliss.

Later, as the too-swift taxi stopped outside Phyllida's home, and Phyllida withdrew her golden head from his shoulder, Basil inquired

"D'you want me to break the news to the old people, or will you?"

And Phyllida, jealous of her joy, had whispered, "Oh, not to-night; we can tell them to-morrow."

"Well, don't," warned Basil, seeing her transfigured face by the light of the arc lamp, "look so jolly pleased with yourself, or you'll give the show away"—which was, of course, precisely what she did.

The days that followed were so wonderful to Phyllida that she found herself pitying all the unfortunate girls in the world who were not going to marry Basil—for her objections to the bond of holy matrimony had evaporated, and she began very early in what proved in the end a short engagement to make delightful plans about a flat in London and a tiny cottage in the country for week-ends. She also developed certain reticences upon subjects with which she had hitherto displayed an astonishing familiarity. Her bright, frank outlook upon the oddly popular, but less polite, aspects of human life was, so to speak, muted; and about this time she was reported to have said to one of her girl friends that she considered Freud "beastly." "And that," said the friend to another young woman, "coming from Phyllida, just shows what a rotten mess being engaged makes of people's brains."

And then one day Basil came in and said, "Look here, old dear, isn't it time you began to wear a badge of servitude?"—and drew from his pocket a little morocco case from which he took an extremely handsome ring.

Phyllida's eyes were bright and tender.

"How perfectly lovely!" she said softly, and then she kissed the hand in which Basil held the really magnificent diamond-and-emerald half-hoop. "Oh, I say, kid, shut up," he protested. "Shove the thing on and see if it fits."

It was, perhaps, a thought large for Phyllida's slim finger. "But I can twist a bit of cotton round it if it comes off," she assured him.

That night, before she went to bed, Phyllida sat and gazed down at her hand, with the blazing ring upon the slim third finger. The little morocco case lay open upon the table before her.

"I wonder where it came from," she thought idly. The name was possibly stamped in gold letters upon the satin lining of the lid. She took the case up, and looked inside. A small piece of paper was folded and jammed into the lid. How delightful of Basil to plan a surprise for her! A little love-letter—the first, she realised, that Basil had ever sent her. She drew the tiny note out and read—

DEAR MR. GRAVES,—I am returning your ring. Like you, I have in the past mistaken the nature of my feelings.—Yours sincerely, BEATRICE LENNON.

THE END.



## The Royal Hostess for the Chesterfield House Ball.



### TO RECEIVE THE GUESTS ON DEC. 8: PRINCESS ALICE, COUNTESS OF ATHLONE.

Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, has consented to receive the guests at the ball in aid of the Victoria League, to be held at Chesterfield House, on Dec. 8, by permission of Viscount Lascelles, the fiancé of Princess Mary. Princess Alice is the wife of the Earl of Athlone (second son of H.H. the late Duke of Teck), the daughter of

H.R.H. the late Duke of Albany, and a grand-daughter of Queen Victoria. The title of Earl of Athlone was created in 1917, when it was decided to abandon all German titles. Princess Alice, who was married in 1904, has a son, Viscount Trematon, born in 1907, and a daughter, Lady May Cambridge, one year his senior.

COLOURED PHOTOGRAPH BY VANDYK, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."



## Well Known in Political Circles.



THE WIFE OF SIR KINGSLEY WOOD, M.P. : LADY WOOD.

Lady Wood is the wife of Sir Kingsley Wood, who has sat as the Coalition Unionist Member for Woolwich West since December 1918. Sir Kingsley is now Parliamentary Private Secretary to the Minister of Health, Sir Alfred Mond, and has had considerable experience of political life. He has done a great deal of work in connection with

the questions with which the Ministry of Health has to deal, and promoted the National Memorial to the Prime Minister in 1918 urging the immediate establishment of this Ministry. He is the senior partner in the well-known firm of solicitors, Kingsley Wood and Co.

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY T. PERCIVAL ANDERSON, M.B.E.



## A Young Dance Hostess – for Chesterfield House.



THE SECOND DAUGHTER OF MARQUESS CURZON: LADY CYNTHIA MOSLEY.

Lady Cynthia Mosley is the second daughter of Marquess Curzon of Kedleston, and the wife of Mr. Oswald Mosley, M.P., elder son of Sir Oswald Mosley, fifth Baronet. She was married in 1920, and has a little girl, born this year. Lady Cynthia is one of the

hostesses who have arranged to take parties to the ball at Chesterfield House, the town residence of Lord Lascelles, Princess Mary's fiancé, on Dec. 8, in aid of the Victoria League. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, has consented to receive the guests.

PORTRAIT STUDY BY BERTRAM PARK, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."





### TO BE BABES IN THE WOOD: THE DELECO

The Dolly Sisters, who, until the withdrawal of "The League of Notions" were appearing nightly at both the New Oxford and the London Pavilion—in the latter case in their Pony Trot—are now only to be seen at the Pav. in "The Fun of the Fayre"; but when the





ABLE DOLLYS OF THE PAV., AS PONIES.

Christmas panto. of "The Babes in the Wood" comes along—on December 21, at the Oxford, according to Mr. Cochran's promise—we are to see our Dollys as the Babes of the old fairy tale.—[*Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.*]



## One of the Four Strenuous Sleeping Princesses.



### AN "AURORA" OF THE ALHAMBRA: THE FASCINATING LYDIA LOPOKOVA.

The title-rôle of "The Sleeping Princess" sounds a fairly peaceful part, but, as a matter of fact, it is an extremely strenuous one in the wonderful Alhambra production of Tchaikovsky's ballet. Owing to the strain it entails, M. Diaghileff actually has a quartet of *premières danseuses* to take

the name-part in turn, each one dancing it for a few nights at a time. The fascinating Lydia Lopokova is one of these strenuous Sleeping Princesses and our page shows three new studies of her. She is a very charming Princess Aurora in the beautiful ballet.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MALCOLM ARBUTHNOT, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."



## "Spy's" Daughter as Apaches' Associate.



ZOZO IN "THE GOLDEN MOTH": MISS SYLVIA LESLIE.

Miss Sylvia Leslie, who plays Zozo, an habituée of the crooks' restaurant rendezvous in "The Golden Moth," at the Adelphi, is the daughter of Sir Leslie Ward, the famous "Spy," of caricature fame. He has just celebrated his seventieth birthday, and the dinner given

to him on this occasion by his admirers and "victims" was a very distinguished gathering, at which the Lord Chancellor, Lord Desborough, Lord Castlemaine, Mr. Justice Darling, and many well-known men were present.

*Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.*



# This Week's Studdy.



THE END OF A PERFECT DAY.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. E. STUDDY.





The  
Ex-Master  
of the  
Heythrop  
and his Wife.

1. OFF TO A MEET OF THE HEYTHROP:  
MRS. R. B. BRASSEY ON JORROCKS.

2. AFTER RECEIVING THE PRESENTATION OF  
A SILVER FOXHOUND FROM THE SUPPORTERS  
OF THE HUNT: CAPTAIN BRASSEY AND MRS.  
BRASSEY.

Captain R. B. Brassey, of Heythrop, Chipping Norton, resigned his Mastership of the famous Heythrop, and was succeeded this year by Messrs. H. S. Brenchley and J. Graeme Thompson. He recently received a presentation of a silver model of a foxhound from supporters of the Hunt. The ceremony took place at a meet at Chipping Norton, where our photographer snapped the ex-Master and his wife. Mrs. Brassey, who is Captain Brassey's second wife, is the younger daughter of the late Lord Henry Grosvenor. She rides very well and is a keen sportswoman. Her favourite hunter bears the immortal name of Jorrock.

Photograph No. 1, by Rouch; No. 2, by C.N.





# At Newnham Paddox: Lord Denbigh's Grandchildren.



VISCOUNTESS FEILDING, LADY DOROTHY HANLY, THE HON. DAVID AND THE HON. BASIL FEILDING, AND PAMELA HANLY.



ON HIS PONY, MOUSE: THE HON. DAVID FEILDING.



LORD DENBIGH'S FOURTH DAUGHTER AND HER LITTLE GIRL: LADY MARJORIE HANLY AND PAMELA.



LORD DENBIGH'S GRANDCHILDREN: THE HON. DAVID FEILDING, THE HON. BASIL FEILDING, AND MISS PAMELA HANLY (L. TO R.).



THE WIFE OF LORD DENBIGH'S ONLY SON: VISCOUNTESS FEILDING WITH THE HON. BASIL FEILDING.

These charming photographs, taken at Newnham Paddox, near Lutterworth, show Viscountess Feilding, the wife of Lord Denbigh's only son, and Lady Marjorie Hanly, Lord Denbigh's fourth daughter, with their children. Lady Feilding, who was married in 1911, is the daughter of Mr. Francis Egerton Harding, Old Springs, Market Drayton. She has four boys—the Hon. William, the Hon. David, the Hon. Basil,

and the Hon. Hugh Feilding, and is shown with her second and third sons in our snapshots. In the equestrian photograph of David and Basil Feilding, with their cousin, Pamela Hanly, the names of their mounts are: Mouse (the white pony), Pixy (the black), and Pongo (the Shetland). Lady Marjorie Hanly is the wife of Captain Edward Dudley Hanly, and was married in 1915. Pamela Hanly is four.

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY ALFIERI.



## The Dancer in "Bare-Kneed" Stockings.



APPEARING AT THE EMBASSY CLUB: MISS JOAN PICKERING.

Miss Joan Pickering is the charming dancer who is making such a wonderful success with her dances at the Embassy Club. She has added two new dances to her already extensive repertoire, and her grace and cleverness are extra attractions to the Club, in Old Bond Street, which is a favourite rendezvous for Society dancing enthusiasts. Miss Pickering favours a novel and remarkable style in

stockings. Her silken hose begin life at the feet and ankles by being mole-colour, but do not monotonously continue their career in this guise. They grow gradually lighter, and by the time they reach the wearer's knees, are flesh-coloured. This gives Miss Pickering the effect of dancing with bare knees—though, in reality, her limbs are covered with the finest silken hose.—[Photograph by Reville Studios.]





## OUT OF THE RUCK.

By GEORGE PRIMROSE.



**A** LOT may happen in the time one takes to cross Piccadilly Circus, especially if the crossing is made the excuse for moral and biographical reflections.

Many novelists have taken the giddy vortex of the West End as jumping-off ground, but not many, if any, have been so deliberate as Mr. Ward Muir in "Crossing Piccadilly Circus." His book is advertised as a novelty in the method of story-telling, and for that reason, if no other, it is worth looking at.

The hero, David Creighton, comes on the scene just beside the fountain. He sees a girl on the opposite side near the Pav., and before he gets over to her, the whole of his own life and the lives of several other people pass in review before the reader. And that's the novel. When David comes up with the girl, matters have reached such a pitch that the story is just ready to end. The meeting, so to speak, puts the lid on.

It's a novel of the seamy side, and at first it seems rather too seamy in its frank details—so much so, in fact, that I almost gave it up; but then a very different kind of life had a look in—the life of emotional religion in its crudest form.

The contrast was sufficiently intriguing to make one sit still to see the play out. The discovery that Mr. David Creighton, man of intellect, occasional loungeur in West End cafés, and casual, though chaste, acquaintance of the more respectable half-world, had in his boyhood played the cornet ravishingly to the saving of souls at his father's revival meetings gave the story an uncommon twist, and led on naturally enough to Mr. Creighton's extraordinary love-probation and marriage with Mary Walters—as odd an offshoot of early piety as David himself.

But Mary Walters wasn't the girl at the other side of the Circus, although the difference between the two was simply that between exclusiveness to one man only and promiscuity of the strict "one at a time" order. Which dark sayings will become clear to you when you read the book. It is not nearly so worldly as certain pages, opened at random, might lead you to suppose.

The drift from a strict upbringing to a life of sin makes up in part the life of "Tony Sant," Mrs. C. S. Peel's latest heroine. Tony was Antoinette Ferrant, who, poor child, saw her mother drowned, and never quite recovered that shock. Her character was injured, we are told, and it looks like it, for, making all due allowance for natural revolt from unsympathetic surroundings, the ease with which this child becomes mistress of a man she hardly cares for strains probability.

Yet Tony's life in London is not uninteresting. It is very much on all-fours with the experiences of unfortunate girls in several recent novels, for Tony, after a luxurious phase, reverted to virtue and hard work among the strugglers of the West End. The trials of the mannequin are the specialty of this book, just as those of the artist's model, the manicurist, and the lady secretary have been the subject of revelations in much current fiction.

Mrs. Peel introduces us to a queer world of irregular attachments, odd marriages, vice, virtue and eccentricity, in which she always seeks to discover the good, and in that she usually succeeds. For a really skilful portrait of the ex-barmaid type, Mrs. Ferrant, Tony's step-mother, takes first-class honours.

These two are more or less novels of revolt and unrest, and each is just a little bit of a social tract, although the pill is quite agreeably gilded. From America comes a grimmer story of a somewhat similar type; with crucial passages in the life of artists' models, work-girls, young clerks, old clerks, and their employers.

The main idea underlying Mr. Basil King's "The Empty Sack" is the responsibility of Capital to Labour. The empty sack, "which can't stand by itself," was a boy, Teddy Follett, clerk in Bradley Collingham's bank, from which his father had been discharged for old age. The Follett family had a hideous struggle to make ends meet, and Teddy began to rob the bank to help his mother.

The situation was complicated by the fact that young Bob Collingham, son of the banker, was in love with Jennie Follett, an artist's model, whom he persuaded to marry him secretly so that he might lighten the family burden. Mrs. Collingham, a strange type of scheming, half-cultivated, posing American society woman, tried to buy Jennie off with a substantial sum, on condition that she would give Bob grounds for a divorce. This pleasant lady's jumble of piety and unscrupulousness makes a curious and rather unusual study in character. The story aims at saddling the elder Collingham and the commercial system he represents with all the woes that befall the unhappy Folletts.

Young Bob Collingham came by devious paths to the rescue, and at last won his wife Jennie's love by the moral support he gave the misguided Teddy, who went from robbery to murder, and is last seen on his way to the electric chair. But that unnecessary lapse into crude sensa-

tionalism doesn't altogether spoil a story of considerable power and human interest.

It seems to be a fashion of the moment for distinguished novelists to digress into descriptions of cities. Last week we noted Mr. George's effort, and here is Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer at the same game, only his game is Havana or, as he prefers to call it, "San Cristóbal de la Habana." It's a sultry, many-coloured, entrancingly written book he has given us—one that makes the reader long to take shipping and be off to-morrow to Cuba, to verify for himself these glowing pictures of "Havana's unique personality," as she reveals it in her exotic day- and night-life.



"MARGOT" AS THE SILENT LADY OF "NOT SO BAD AS WE SEEM": MRS. ASQUITH REHEARSING WITH MR. IVOR NOVELLO AND COLONEL C. P. HAWKES.

Mrs. Asquith is taking the part of the Silent Lady of Deadman's Lane in the production of Lord Lytton's comedy, "Not So Bad As We Seem," at Devonshire House, on Nov. 30, in aid of the Children's Libraries Movement. Our photograph shows Mrs. Asquith rehearsing with Mr. Ivor Novello, who takes the part of Lord Wilmot, and Colonel C. P. Hawkes (right), who is Mr. Shadowy Softhead.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

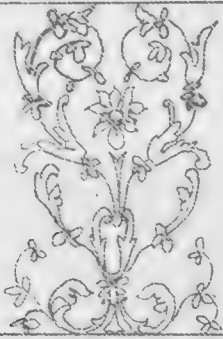
Crossing Piccadilly Circus. By Ward Muir. (Heinemann; 7s.)

Tony Sant. By Mrs. C. S. Peel. (The Bodley Head; 8s. 6d.)

The Empty Sack. By Basil King. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.)

San Cristóbal de la Habana. By Joseph Hergesheimer. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)





AN EXQUISITE

EVENING GOWN

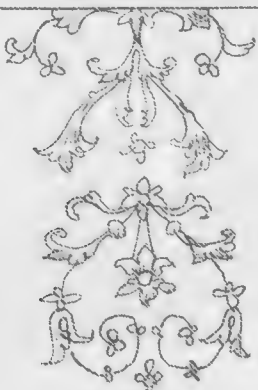
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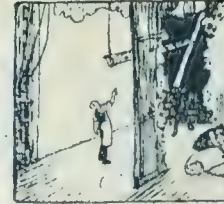
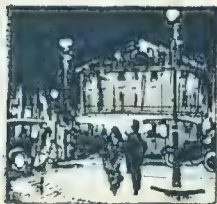
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## Without Prejudice

ALL in all, and taking one thing with another, we seemed to know more about Miss Clemence Dane's night out with "Will Shakespeare" before the curtain went up on the first night than we have gathered before (or since) about the whole remaining body of contemporary drama. We were assured that she had read his plays (always a good thing to do for a young lady whose literary education is always proceeding). And we had been told that there wasn't a word of truth in it.

And what, we all sat wondering, would come of it all? Well, you can go and see for yourselves. And one hopes sincerely that you

atmosphere—and it is quite good enough for most of us. But it isn't (is it?) quite what Miss Dane meant.

Nevertheless, it is an ample and solid entertainment. And very pleasant to look at. Or listen to—except when our accomplished de-versifiers are occupied in the suppression of her blank verse. Her Elizabethanism was occasionally a trifle self-conscious, and the poetry was sometimes the poetry of a prize poem. But it was an honest attempt, and she or Mr. Dean or somebody should have persuaded a most intelligent company to speak it, at least now and then, as such.

The thread on which it all hung is really Miss Moyna Macgill's voice. And that is a very charming foundation for any play. She plays her way through the shrewish difficulties of the first act without ever alienating our sympathies, which she requires if the play is to hold water. And not only does she speak more than pleasantly, but also she has triumphed (as, at the moment of going to press, has nobody else in history) over Ulster. One was afraid, before the curtain went up, that a faint echo of Belfast would find its way to Stratford. But she has conquered it completely, and now stands ready, with her youth and her intelligence, to play any part they may put her at. She is to be congratulated.

To congratulate Miss Haidee Wright is an impertinence. Because we know what to expect. And we got it. She was a strange, querulous, imperious, red-haired Queen, and it will not be easy, as one reads the history books, to forget her. Miss Mary Clare was at her best in the scene of passion in the theatre; but she, too, is one of the most intelligent of our younger actresses, and she did well.

Few men could have done better than Mr. Arthur Whitby. After seeing his performance one would like to see a



MISS FAYETTE PERRY DANCES TO THE ROW OF LEGS—  
IN "RING UP," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

"Ring Up," the successful revue now in its second edition, has been transferred from the Royalty (where "Two Jacks and a Jill" has just been produced) to the Vaudeville. Our photograph shows Miss Fayette Perry, a charming member of the cast, dancing to a row of silk-clad legs.

Photograph by C.N.

will. Because there is an evening's enjoyment to be got at the Shaftesbury out of the tangled fortunes of Queen Elizabeth and her undisciplined lieges Will and Kit. But from the larger, more solemn point of view from which one judges Literary Events and Epoch-Making Plays and all that, one is still left wondering.

Frankly, it is not, by the standards with which the preliminary excitement invites comparison, a particularly striking achievement. It is entertaining enough to see pleasant people addressed by the old and honourable names of Ann Hathaway and Mary Fitton and Elizabeth Tudor. And one always likes the look of a wimple, or a kirtle, or whatever they call the thing—isn't it a farthingale? But beyond the mild pleasure of this experience and the lasting delight of some excellent acting, one is left with a debt of gratitude to Miss Dane which is repayable in comparatively moderate language.

If the whole piece had been described more humbly as a libretto, and if it had been signed with the more modest name of Mr. Louis N. Parker for scenic elaboration by Sir Herbert Tree and Mr. Dana (with a pretty, pale-eyed picture of Shakespeare for the hoardings by Mr. Charles Buchel), it would all have fitted in quite nicely. And without any particular intellectual pretensions. One can almost imagine it—a lost, familiar figure as Will, Miss Constance Collier as the Dark Lady, Miss Viola Tree (with song) as Ann Hathaway, and Mr. Lewis Waller as Kit Marlowe—and there you are in the year 1909 or so. Nothing in Miss Dane's play suggests a loftier



MR. PETER HADDON'S JOKE DISCOVERED: MISS FAYETTE PERRY  
FINDS THAT ONE PAIR OF LEGS BELONGED TO A MAN.

The end of Miss Fayette Perry's dance to the row of silk-stockinged legs reveals the fact that the centre pair belonged—not to a feminine member of the cast of "Ring Up," but to Mr. Peter Haddon, who has been masquerading!

Photograph by C.N.

repertory theatre endowed for the sole purpose of exhibiting him in the standard parts of English comedy. He is so good. The rest of the burden fell on Miss Mary Rorke, who bore it as gracefully as ever; Mr. Claude Rains, who was exuberantly red-blooded; and Mr. Philip Merivale, who struggled bravely with all our preconceived ideas of Shakespeare in the period before he got to look so like Sir Hall Caine. It was an appalling task, because no man can look inspired to order, and it took Sir Henry Irving to play Dante. But it was a gallant attempt. And nothing spoils the entertaining whole.





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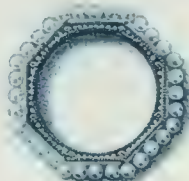
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# Through a Glass Lightly



**E** GOTISM makes a lover think there is no one in the world like his girl. Altruism makes a husband thankful there is no one in the world like his wife.

Suppose it was some birthday party or an equally fatuous excuse that caused all the din in the flat below the other evening. I had done everything possible to make the celebrants aware of my annoyance. It was in vain. After two or three hours of the noise I sent the maid down with a kindly request that the soft pedal should be applied, as I could not read. I listened from the upper landing. The maid gave the message plaintively and appealingly. A brusque voice replied: "Can't read? Tell him he ought to be ashamed of himself. I could read when I was six." And the door banged.

An out-of-work, at odds for any kind of employment, went to a contractor's and asked if he could be taken on as a bricklayer. "We can start you as an architect," said the foreman, "and you can work your way up."

An old man who loved long words was fervently praying in an experience meeting for the perfection of human activity. He perorated his supplication thus: "And, O Lord, we would ask Thee to make the

contraction of the diaphragm, and Jarge gurgled: "Well, Zurr, the calf wuz that bad wi' th' plague that we 'ad to kill 'un to keep un from dyin'."

Many a husband thinks his wife lacks a sense of humour because she has only laughed once at a joke he has told her over and over again.

These ultra-modern artists will persist in telling you that their paintings depict "horrors of war." Why bring the war into it?

A mournful-looking club member sat apart from his fellows, head buried in hands, unread magazines accumulated about his feet. The club optimist went over to him and, slapping him on the back in that vulgarly objectionable way of optimists, said: "Cheer up, old sport! What's the trouble?" The mournful one looked up and sighed: "Ah, it's hard to lose one's wife." "Hard?" said the optimist. "Hard? It's impossible!"

A young parlourmaid of the new school was lent out to help at a large party in the house of a neighbour. After dinner, during the servants' hall "post-mortems," the senior maid of the establishment—



MEMBERS OF THE EARL OF HARRINGTON'S HUNT: A GROUP OUTSIDE BREADSALL LODGE.

Viscount Petersham, son of the Earl of Harrington, hunts his father's hounds. In this group of members of the Hunt, taken outside Breadsall

Lodge, Lord Petersham is the fourth from the left, front row, and Lady Petersham is sixth from the left.

Photograph specially taken for "The Sketch" by Alfieri.

insusceptible susceptible, make the inefficient efficient, the industrious dustrious, and the incorruptible corrupt."

"Motto" for amateur meteorologists: It's a wrong vane that has no turning.

Because a fellow is a bit shy in his payments, it doesn't necessarily mean that he is financially embarrassed.

Laundry women should be the best evangelistic preachers in the world, because they are always bringing things home to you that you never saw before.

The squire, making his sympathetic round of the estate, suddenly remembered that one of his tenants had been much troubled recently through an epidemic among his cattle. So he went out of his way, like a perfectly good squire, to make inquiries. He found the farmer leaning dejectedly against a barn wall. "Hello, Jarge," cheerily from the squire; "how's things?" Jarge mumbled something with a great sob, and said in explanation, "Ah, Zurr, times is real bad, what wi' this 'ere plague 'n' all! It's the calf, Zurr. 'Swhat Oi'm worritin' ower. It's the calf, Zurr." His gulping utterances reached a climax with a tremendous sob. "And what's the matter with the calf?" asked the squire. Another woeful, convulsive

a dear old retainer of the days before the jazzing age—was "saying nice things" about the party upstairs. Turning to the outside help, the loyal one remarked: "They're a fine-looking lot of ladies here to-night, don't you think?" To which the modern Helen replied: "Yes; twenty years ago."

How can a tailor make your overcoat last? By making the suit first.

In an essay on "Matrimony in Different Countries," a smart youth wrote: "For instance, in England a man is only allowed to have one wife. This is called monotony."

Beware two kinds of people: the one who insists upon paying for the tupp'ny stamp he borrows, and the one who doesn't.

Maisie was called into the library, taken on Daddy's knee, and told that the fairies had brought a little stranger to the house. It was a little boy, and he was going to be her new brother. Maisie promptly asked father for a stamp, as she wanted to write and tell her elder brother, who was away at school. Father was rather impressed, gave her the stamp, and watched his innocent little daughter write to his innocent little son—this, and this only: "DEAR TOMMY—It's come off to-day. You've lost. It's a boy." SPEX.



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ONE is driven by the sheer, brutal force of circumstances to the delightful topic of Royal Weddings. And lots of them. Within the shortest possible time. Because they are, to those weary beings who select for your enjoyment the pictured events of the day, a Boon and a Blessing, thus accounting in no small degree for the loyalty of the public Press.

It must be, to a man laboriously turning over the images of the Worst-Dressed Woman in the World leaving her dressmaker's (name unknown) and Sir Pomfret Bickerdyke unveiling the Fried Fish Trade War Memorial at Kensal Rise, and wondering whether the Brutes (that is how they describe you in newspaper offices) will want to see one, both, or either of them—to him, I say, in recapitulation and drawing a long breath, it must be a Ninfinite Relief to get some Real News.

And that, yes that one undoubtedly got in the early Wednesdays of last week, when the Privy Council confided to the world its matrimonial deliberations and their pleasing result. It *was* news. Even to all the people who have run about ever since expecting us to believe that they knew it all the time.

And of interest. Because anybody, however stiff he may keep his upper lip on social matters, follows with real passion the convolutions of the Royal family tree. You must know at least six old ladies who can say off Queen Victoria's grandchildren by heart. To say nothing of George the Third's. So we were all pleased about it. And that was that.

Meanwhile, it becomes necessary to propel the ball of our existence along through the few remaining weeks of 1921, so that it may roll merrily into the sunshine of 1922. And we don't get very much help, do we? There seems to be a sort of lull in our little lives before the crash of the Christmas explosion.

Lady Somethingorother has finished telling Press agents about the unparalleled magnificence of her appearance on the films, and we have only the comparative tedium of the film itself to fall back on. And Mrs. Someone has gone to America.



THE HON. MRS. DUBERLY IN HER ANTIQUARIAN SHOP: LORD NUNBURNHOLME'S SISTER AND SOME CUSTOMERS.

The Hon. Mrs. Duberly, sister of Lord Nunburnholme, has opened an antique and decorative furniture shop. Our photograph shows her with Lady Wilton, Minnie Lady Hindlip, and a friend, who had come to buy.—[Photograph by Alfieri.]

So without those two Klaxons of contemporary reticence, what, oh what are we to do?

We might all do likewise, of course. So you go off and get yourself photographed in six positions, whilst I nip out to the printer's with a fat batch of private letters. Because that is the approved method of publicity *de nos jours*. And it seems a pity.



VERY MUCH "GONE AWAY": A REMARKABLE SNAPSHOT OF THE FOX DURING A DAY'S SPORT WITH THE SOUTHDOWN.

This photograph of Mass' Reynard was taken as he crossed one of the drives of Warrengore Wood, near Lewes, when being hunted by the Southdown Hounds.

Photograph by L.N.A.

We shall probably be remembered (if we are remembered at all) as the Age of Memoirs. The contemporary infant begins to record (and publish) its indiscretions in the cradle. Colonel Repington—but we know all about *that*, and what a quiet life he must be leading after it. Even Mr. Stephen McKenna has clouded the white flower of a blameless top-hat by condescending to autobiography. A pity.

It really is. Because these confessional murmurs will tell posterity very, very little indeed of what it will want to know, leaving us all with a reputation with our grandchildren for a rather tedious self-consciousness. We all seem, if you read the books we write about ourselves and each other (and the world seems incapable at the moment of other topics), to be perpetually striking attitudes for our own entertainment. Which is not quite the same thing as the entertainment of other people, is it?

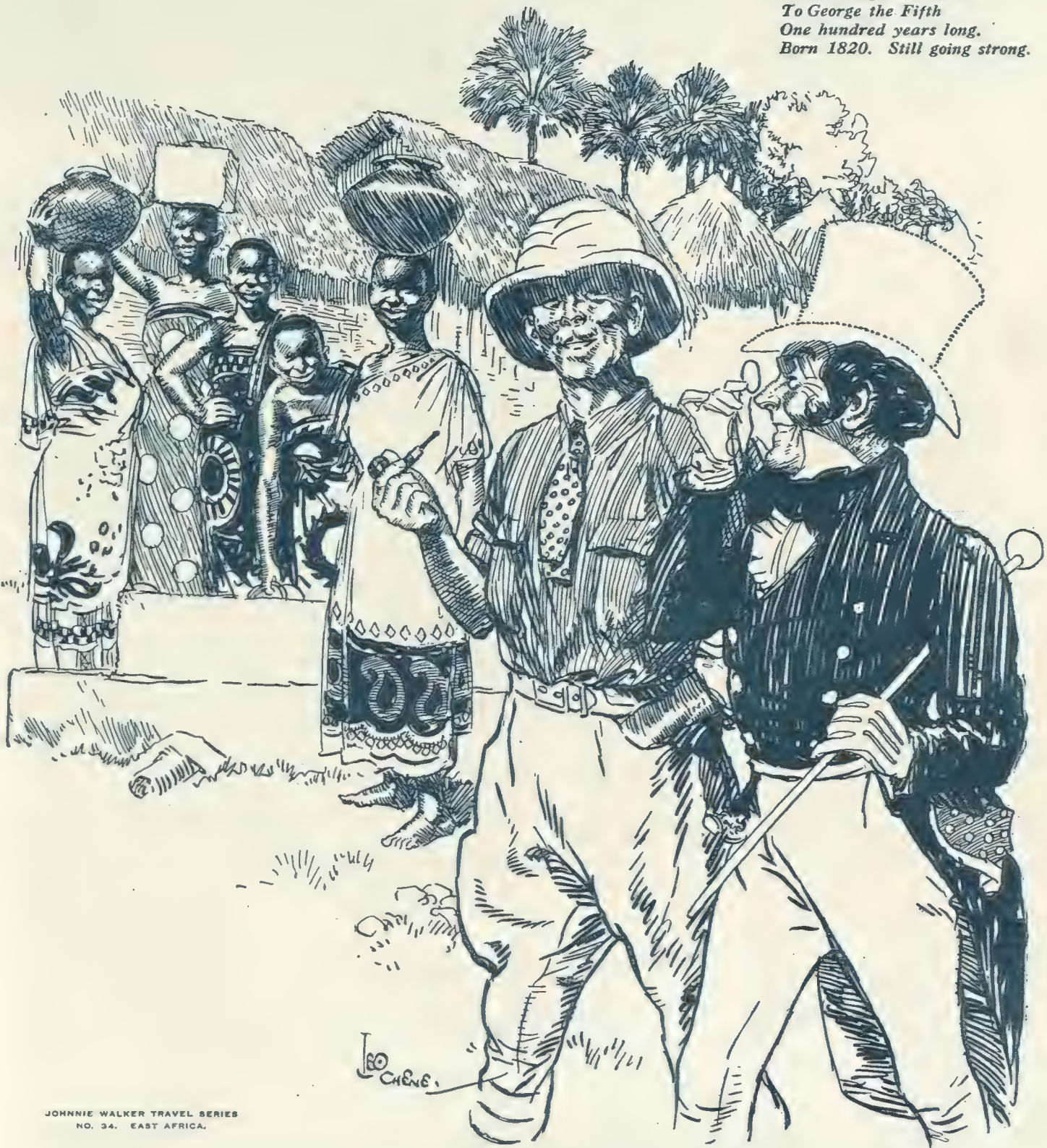
And, on the whole, so few of the people whose reminiscences we really want are willing to write them. There is the charming husband of the most prolific of the memorialists—he could tell us a thing or two. But he doesn't. Then there are all these young novelists who tell us about their nurses and their Oxford friends. Well, one would like the views of one old hard-headed publisher on them. And so on.

But we never get it, do we? And so all the limelight is left to the wrong people. Because they ask for it so loudly that no one else ventures to thrust a head into the circle of illumination; and the historian of the future will be left with the misleading impression that England in 1921 consisted entirely of Lady Artemis Profile and Mrs. Someone. But it didn't. Far from it. And one only wishes that these illustrious ladies would realise it.

Because one has got a little weary of seeing all topics and people of interest elbowed into an obscure corner of the papers, where they get mixed up with cures for liver trouble and the news of the latest teetotal *auto da fé* in Omaha. Let's have a revolution of publicity and populate the back seats with the people who really belong there—and see how funny the world would look.



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# MOTOR DICTA



## OUT ON A GREAT PIONEER: OZONE AFTER OLYMPIA. By GERALD BISS.

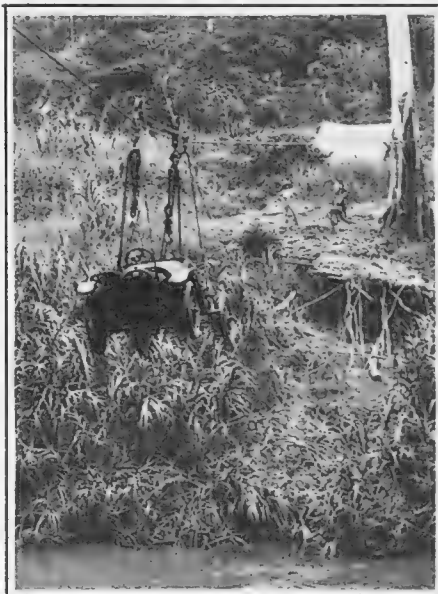
Of course, I suppose you have to paint a Lanchester, like most other cars, and varnish it too; but, following the precedent of the historic lily—should it be a capital?—I am not going to try to do so. It was many long years ago—over two decades, at any rate—that, like Saul of Tarsus, I started out upon the road to Damascus or Brighton or some other jolly old heathen town, and, without the reprehensible process of getting blind, returned home Paul of the Lanchesters, or the Effusions, and have done nothing else since but write epistles upon automobilism. It was all the fault of those Lanchesters—Fred, Frank, and George—that I, a lover of dangerous quadrupeds, gave myself over, soul and chassis, to the security of the automobile; so for all and what and everything I have written blame them—not me! Their headlights on that Damascene road, wherever it was, were too much for me. The Lanchester was ever a pioneer by instinct, and it has always been a pioneer ever since with its many special points, to which other manufacturers often begin to come round after many obstinate years of refusal.

**The Bonneted Lanchester.** The post-war Lanchester has one point which my ever-conservative nature is inclined to resent. It has a bonnet—a beautiful bonnet, I grant you—but like other cars; but I must confess to a certain sly hankering after the bonnetless model of old and the wonderful big saloon bodies they used to put on them—bodies in which you could almost play a game of football had you been so blasphemous of the upholstery. However, my hankering was almost, if not wholly, assuaged by seeing one of the old-type saloons upon the Lanchester stand at Olympia. Incidentally, it is not strictly accurate to speak of the bonneted Lanchester as post-war, as it was actually brought out in the early summer of 1914 for the Olympia of that year, which was scratched for other slightly more important engagements on the other side of the Channel. Thus it did not come right into the public eye until the Whited Sepulchre Show of 1919, when it was one of the very few real novelties—or, for that matter, real cars at all, as subsequent events proved. This year it is very much as it was then, with a few minor improvements and refinements, such as are inevitable in a firm which is always striving to make this year's perfection still more perfect yet. As a matter of fact, the Lanchester I was out on last week-end was not a 1922, but one actually put through during the moulders' strike, which fact, strangely enough, gave us our only trifling hitch the whole time, bar a brace of punctures—an overheated off-wheel brake. During that time aluminium brake-shoes had been fitted experimentally to a few cars—excellent as to lightness, but prone to heat occasionally under stress of coasting down prolonged cliff gradients, such as we were doing, and therefore promptly discarded with the true Lanchester touch. The saloon body, if not quite as big as the old type, was wonderfully roomy and comfortable—so much so that a Scottish member of the party characteristically complained of the waste space. Some folk never will be contented!

### A Smoking-Room on Wheels.

One of the most wonderful points of the Lanchester to the luxury-lover is its splendid suspension; and how one can fully appreciate this is to sit in the car hour after hour, as we did on Sunday, without moving, and then get out no more tired than if one had just risen from a Chesterfield in one's own smoking-room—only delightful lazy, ready to yawn and stretch. And, after all, unless one be on the road with a fixed point-to-point purpose, comfort is the whole essence of successful

motoring—that delightful drawing transportation from place to place in good company, tied on to a good cigar. This the Lanchester can do to absolute perfection. Yet he who imagines that the Lanchester is a slow old bus is vastly mistaken, as proved by Mr. C. A. Bird, who with a standard chassis (bar shock-absorbers) and a streamline body lapped with "Winnie Praps-Praps" at the last Brooklands meeting at somewhere in the neighbourhood of 96 m.p.h. A bit hot for a standard machine which is by no means primarily built for speed—eh, what? Not that we were scorching at all at the week-end—seldom, if ever, exceeding the fifty mark; but it is very nice to know that you have it there if you want it for an extra push to keep up that great essential average which counts more than anything else in a day's motoring. One of the greatest joys of a big car, built regardless of cost, is that sense of power in hand to be used just as and when required. It is exactly the one thing which the modern small car lacks and must lack; and nothing will ever convince me that any experienced motorist who has the money without inconveniencing himself will ever buy a small car, however good and efficient, in preference to a big top-notch.



SLINGING A CAR ACROSS A RIVER: THE DIFFICULTIES OF MOTORING IN EAST AFRICA.

This photograph from East Africa shows a car being slung across a river in the only possible way. A single rope is tied to tree-trunks on either bank, and the car goes over by means of a "traveller."—[Photograph by C.N.]

### Coasting the Coast.

Saturday we played about most pleasantly all over the Sussex Downs, taking things easily; but on Sunday we put in the best part of two hundred and fifty miles—a real good test of a car, and full marks to the Lanchester all the way, bar the trifling brake incident. After sleeping on the far side of Brighton, we hugged the South Coast religiously through Newhaven, Seaford, over the cliffs to Beachy Head to Eastbourne—plenty of hill work to test the best—over the Pevensey Marshes to Bexhill, through Hastings on to Winchelsea and Rye, and thence more winding across the Romney Marshes to Hythe (where we stayed for a most excellent lunch), through Sandgate, Folkestone, Dover, Deal, and Sandwich, past Richborough to Ramsgate, and on to tea at Broadstairs. How's that for a sea trip by land, with enough ozone to set one up until next Olympia? Then back across country through the heart of Kent by Canterbury, Ashford, Tenterden, Heathfield, and Lewes through Brighton to our sleeping-place—a most difficult road at any time, and naturally slow in the dark, but never once did we take the wrong turning, like the clergyman's daughter in London. Now I have written all Lanchester, and little wonder, when I had meant to write quite a lot about eating. Next week it shall be all gastronomy and no autos at all!



"FEARLESS FRED" CLIMBS INTO AN AEROPLANE FROM A CAR: A DARING FEAT FROM LOS ANGELES.

"Fearless Fred" is the young aviator who achieved the remarkable stunt of climbing into an aeroplane from an automobile travelling at seventy miles an hour. He keeps his identity a secret, but his "stunt" is creating great interest. It was recently performed at Los Angeles, before an amazed crowd.—[Photograph by W.W.P.]

sleeping-place—a most difficult road at any time, and naturally slow in the dark, but never once did we take the wrong turning, like the clergyman's daughter in London. Now I have written all Lanchester, and little wonder, when I had meant to write quite a lot about eating. Next week it shall be all gastronomy and no autos at all!





## Express Your Thought in Ciro Pearls

and the success of your Xmas Gift  
is assured.

Ciro Pearl gifts are a lasting reminder of the thought and good taste of the donor; they have set the world thinking, for there are no more faithful duplicates of the genuine Oriental to be found throughout the universe. Such fame cannot but be well merited, as every woman knows who is the proud possessor of *Ciro Pearls*.

What more pleasing Yuletide offering to lovers of the beautiful than an exact copy of a valuable pearl necklace or one of the charming jewels illustrated?

### OUR UNIQUE OFFER.

On receipt of One Guinea we will send you a 16-inch *Ciro Pearl* necklet with snap, or a Ring, Brooch, Ear-rings, or any other *Ciro Pearl* jewel (complete with case). If, after comparing them with real or other artificial pearls, they are not found equal to the former or superior to the latter, return them to us within 15 days and we will refund your money.

Above necklet supplied in any other length at an additional cost of 1s. 4d. per inch. Special solid gold safety clasps 2s. 6d. each. New descriptive booklet No. 5 just published (sent post free).

**CIRO PEARLS LTD. (Dept. 5), 39, Old Bond Street, London, W. 1** (Piccadilly End)  
Our Showrooms are on the First Floor over Lloyd's Bank.



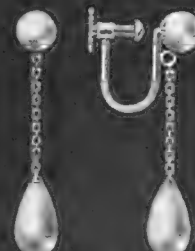
Gold Bar Brooch with unique *Ciro Pearl*.  
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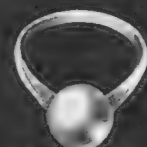
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£1. 1. 0 per pair.



Distinctive platinette brooch with 3 *Ciro Pearls* copied from the genuine.  
£1. 1. 0





**Infallible Signs.** Have you noticed it—the shopping look, that fixed glance at every plate-glass window, very carefully taking in all details of contents and prices and weighing them against those seen ten minutes ago? Yes; it's just about getting

near the time when, if Eve doesn't exactly pull up her socks, she does at any rate brace herself up for the Christmas shopping campaign. It is not really the slightest bit of use making resolutions against present-giving and money-spending. The shops are so attractive just now that it's almost, if not quite, impossible to resist temptation in the form of beautiful bags—hand-bags, of course—and fans, and ornaments, and so forth, that always seem doubly nice the few weeks preceding Christmas.

#### In Shop Land.

Bond Street and Regent Street and Oxford Street are already beginning to show the signs of congestion that invariably become apparent just before Dec. 25. Why it should be so I can't say, but people, taxis, and buses seem to increase in numbers just about this time, so that a taxi drive becomes something upon which it is not safe to embark without some forethought. The three-pences have such a horrid habit of ticking off quickly while you're



*Organdie tucked and frilled as Rowe of New Bond Street does it makes a delightful party frock.*

held up in a line of traffic that takes an unconscionable time to move even a few yards.

#### The Party Time.

Still, there's neither sense nor reason in delaying purchasing what you want. As Dec. 25 draws nearer shopping becomes a more and more difficult business, and I suppose there's nothing quite so likely to lead to repentance at leisure as shopping in haste or in a crowd, which latter circumstance generally drives the harassed present or frock seeker to take the first thing that comes handy in order to permit of an early escape from the pressing multitude. No doubt this desire to avoid the madding crowd had induced the mothers I saw at Rowe (of Gosport) to bring their small folk to 105-106, New Bond Street, well ahead of the party season. But not so far ahead that they couldn't see the latest things in party frocks prepared by the firm for the benefit of their youthful clientèle, whose ages range from a few hours to the time when the schoolroom and its worries and trials are left behind, and young Miss launches out into Society or young Master goes off to the University preparatory to launching out "on his own" in the great world.

#### New Notions.

As to party frocks, the nicest ever was one made by Rowe in white organdie, much frilled as to skirt and bunchy sleeves, tucked as to bodice, with a couple of bunches of cowslips hanging down in front to harmonise with the yellow silk underslip that gave a tone to the scheme. More practical, perhaps, but ever so smart, was a frock for Miss Five-Years-Old in taffeta faille in green shot with mauve, with absurd puffy little sleeves, each edged

with silk flowers, and a bunchy-looking skirt hanging from a short-waisted bodice. But don't imagine that man in his infancy is overlooked. On the contrary, his interests are rather particularly studied, with the result that if your age happens to be anything between four to eight years, it's open to you to wear a black velvet suit, short as to trousers, not so short as to the coat that is finished with long revers and four large smoked pearl buttons, and worn over a corded silk shirt with an Eton collar to give relief at the neck. Of course, if you are smaller still, the ideal thing is black velvet "shorts" buttoned on to a silk top—a top of thick white silk, lined and finished in the true

Rowe style, the whole priced at £2 7s. 6d.

#### Other Points.

There are just one or two other points that need to be emphasised. One has to do with the party wraps. You remember the Red Riding - Hood cape that cropped up with such distressing monotony. That has now been supplanted by either a fleecy knitted cape with cross-over straps to keep it in position, or a fleecy cloak—say, vivid daffodil yellow, with light-blue embroidery to add gaiety to gaiety, little slits for the arms, and strings to ensure that it shan't fall off and so expose the wearer to the influence of coids. And, lastly, a word as



*Black velvet made more attractive by the Maison Lewis with the addition of a long feather.*

to the firm's new policy—framed, it may be added, to meet the requirements of the times. Times are hard for all. Everyone has to practise thrift and self-denial, though, to be sure, these appear less unattractive and hard when one sees the thrift suits now being shown by the firm. Frankly, they are not the Rowe standard quality. But the material and cut are the same as of old; the saving is effected in the handwork and the luxurious linings and trimmings and so forth. Still, I ask you, isn't it something for which one can't be too grateful to get a suit for a youngster between the ages of seven and twelve for 2 guineas, and an ulster coat for £2 10s., if one happens to be thirteen or less? Three guineas is the limit for coats intended for wearers whose ages lie between thirteen and eighteen years.

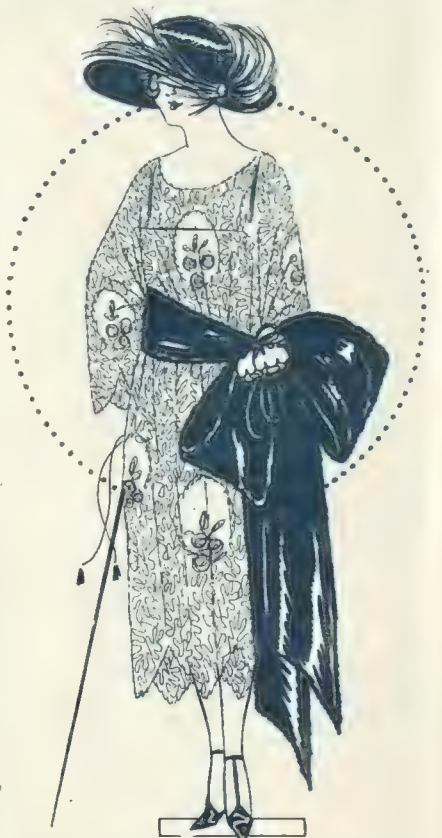
#### Not Altogether One-Sided.

Still, the younger generation, in the clothes world at any rate, most emphatically does not have things all its own way. If you doubt that statement, go along to 184-186, Regent Street, W., and see what M. Péron has to show in the way of beautiful furs, and frocks too, for that matter, for the stay-at-home woman, and the gowns he has planned for the special benefit of those who are off—and small blame to them—to seek a place in the sun. Now M. Péron is not one of those who believe in a

*[Continued overleaf.]*



*No one knows better than the authorities at the Maison Lewis the value of a beautiful outline, and this hat is of black velvet.*



*Péron uses champagne-coloured satin, hand-embroidered lace, and black moiré as the ingredients for a Riviera frock.*



## Something new in Chocolate

Good chocolates are too often spoiled by the cloying sameness of their centres. Smooth, full-flavoured chocolate, and a most delightful variety of trickling fruit-juice fillings make

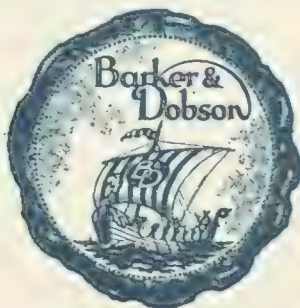
# Barker & Dobson

## Chocolate *Liquid* Fruits

refreshingly different. The centres are really liquid and made from the actual fruits: Strawberry, Raspberry, Peach, Orange, Tangerine, &c.

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before  
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Miss Madge Saunders wearing a —  
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Camera Study  
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Miss Madge Saunders  
has no difficulty in  
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Hat—

A  
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wholesale turning-out of frocks irrespective of the personality of the wearer—which in other words means that the woman who gives her reputation for good dressing into his keeping can cease straight away from worrying. As for the woman who simply can't afford the luxury of a trip to the Riviera, she's to be pitied, of course, but not so much as if Péron had never designed lovely furs for her especial benefit. If she happens to be the fortunate possessor of a car, and money is "no object," figuratively speaking, why then, let her indulge in a full-



#### THE CHARM OF THE LONG COAT: A GRACEFUL WINTER TOILETTE.

This long, fur-trimmed coat has gracefully simple lines, and is worn over a velvet and embroidered dress with a beaded waistband. It is a model by Germaine, the Parisian dress expert.

Photograph by Talma.

ong<sup>7</sup>, black fringe introduced between the wide panel pleats that form the skirt. Even more worthy of notice is a black frock with coloured beads outlining the sleeves, forming the girdle, and edging the panels; and just to show you that black and monotony have nothing to do with each other, let me mention a gown of fine black lace with a scalloped skirt, long sleeves, and a flower girdle in shades of petunia tied at the back with black ribbon.

#### The Varied Charm of Hats.

"Souvent femme varie," said a French monarch with a pretty wide experience of the subject he was discussing. If he'd only lived in these days he'd have been able to say the same about women's hats, adding, if he knew anything about the Maison Lewis in Regent Street, that they were always charming. However, what a Frenchman of another age said does not matter very much; but that can't be said of the hats at the salons named above. Dolores sketches one or two just to give an idea of the different forms of beauty in which the modern milliner deals. The large hat of black velvet relies only upon its line to achieve triumphant success. On the other hand, the second model, also of black velvet, relies partly for its reputation for smartness upon the presence of a rather particularly long ostrich feather; and, though it is not shown here, another most becoming little affair, rolled up at one side, shows a long violet feather—partly because ostrich feathers are so fashionable, partly to show that it is not necessary to wear black always in order to win a reputation for being well dressed.

#### So Unexpected.

No wise woman ever underrates the seriousness of a hat-choosing mission. After all, even if the hat does not always, as the song says "make the lady," it quite undoubtedly does "make" the toilette. Hence it's important to choose carefully and study as many styles as possible before choosing. The woman who isn't satisfied with the variety of hats at the Maison Lewis simply isn't worth considering. Here, Madam, is one—a big mushroom model, in hatter's plush, with a frivolous-looking tuft

length wrap of sumptuous kolinsky or supple moleskin. On the other hand, if Madam is one of the strenuous brigade, I'd advocate a short and somewhat flaring model in silky, shiny broadtail, or, alternatively, in beaver coney. Beaver and nutria shades are, you will remember, very much in demand this season.

#### For the Riviera.

The Duke of Connaught's early flight to the Riviera has had the effect of speeding up the season. It is to open earlier than usual. The fact cuts both ways. In certain cases dressmakers are reducing prices earlier than is customary, to make room for Riviera models; in any case, these latter have arrived early. Anyhow, Péron has some lovely Riviera frocks, imported from his salons, 2, Rue de la Paix, Paris. One rather notably becoming gown in champagne-coloured satin and hand-embroidered lace is sketched on this page. The lace tones with the satin, and the sash is black moiré, with some water-lilies tucked in. Black being smart, there is a model in black crêpe romain, notable chiefly for the

of ostrich falling over one ear and springing from the under-brim. Here is fawn duvetyne, ribbon-bound, made into a practical model for country wear; and there's a large black velvet hat in the Spanish style, hung around the brim with bobbing, circular discs of jet. If you want it, there's a jet toque for the evening enriched with paradise; or—but space fails me. A personal visit is therefore the only alternative.

#### The Younger Generation.

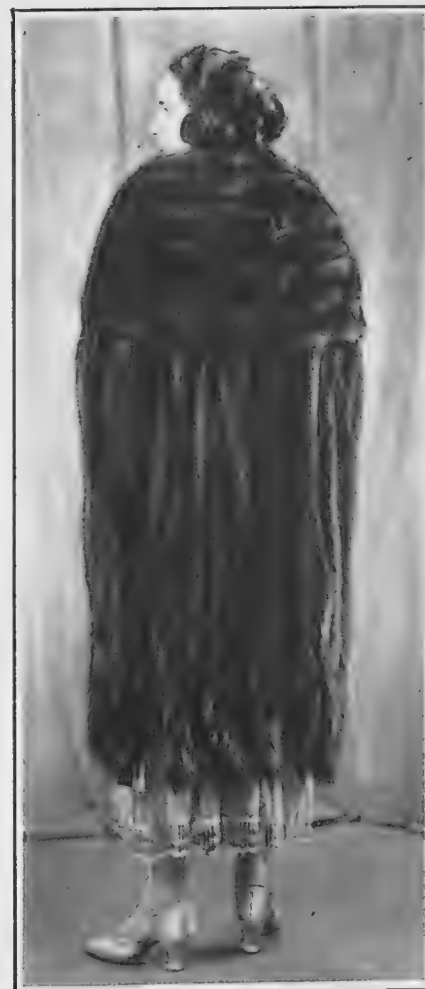
There are people who will tell you that the modern child is pampered and considered far beyond the limits of what is "good" for the young. But, then, things that are "good" for one are seldom pleasant; and to be constantly treated as of no account isn't good for anybody. At Gorrings', in Buckingham Palace Road, at any rate, they don't attach much importance to the sayings of those who still think that "anything's good enough for children." The juvenile department there, and particularly that section of it devoted to party frocks, supplies a practical illustration, in the most becoming and delightful form, of just how nice without being expensive frocks for these occasions can be.

#### Lace Dresses.

The newest and smartest models are in coloured ciré lace. One especially novel one in a pale pinkish-copper shade has a girdle of deep copper ribbon. Other frocks in tinted lace start from 55s. 9d., and there are taffeta ones a great deal cheaper. Little crêpe-de-Chine models, with skirts consisting of three frills, with little flowers embroidered on the bodices, are just the kind of thing that Miss Five-Years-Old takes infinite delight in wearing; and for elder sisters, say about fourteen, there are crêpe-de-Chine frocks with lace-veiled skirts. To this category belongs a model in a rather pale turquoise tint. The long bodice supports a skirt of the crêpe-de-Chine veiled in lace to tone, and the girdle of silver-shading-to-mauve leaves marks the long waist-line, as every smart girdle should do. Since Christmas is coming, and decoration becomes important, it's interesting to know of the really exquisite flowers, in pots or out of them, of which Gorrings' make a very special feature at this time. They're not real, these poinsettias and cyclamens, carnations and other blossoms, but you'd never know it except after close examination.

#### Pearls for the Pretty.

Modern Eve wants pearls. "Just the sort of extravagant thing a woman would want," grumbles the cynic. But there's no good being annoyed—the poor dear cynic has somehow managed to overlook the existence of Ciro pearls, a sixteen-inch necklet of which can be purchased for a guinea, with half-a-crown added if one wants a gold clasp. It's not necessary to go further afield than 39, Old Bond Street, London, to find them, either, and there it's up to you to choose the length you want, the size of the pearls, and whether you want a string that's graduated or consisting of pearls uniform in size. Some sixteen-inch necklets cost two guineas, but don't on that account jump to the conclusion that the cheaper is not worth getting. Only an expert, and not always he, could detect the difference between the genuine and the Ciro one-guinea necklet, that represents a copy of the real article that might cost anything between £125 and £500



#### THE FURRIER'S ART: A SUMPTUOUS FUR WRAP.

This sumptuous fur wrap is an example of the furrier's art at its highest pitch. It was designed and executed in the work-rooms of Isobel, of 223, Regent Street, W.1, and Harrogate. A very interesting article dealing with the history of peltry as feminine clothing and adornment will be found on Page x.





## GOOCH'S

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"DIANA." Very graceful walking Coat, handsomely embroidered self colour. Lined throughout with floral silk. Suitable for all occasions. May be obtained in all leading shades. **9 Gns.**

Visit early our display of Christmas Gifts for young and old. Toy Town is especially attractive to the youngsters.

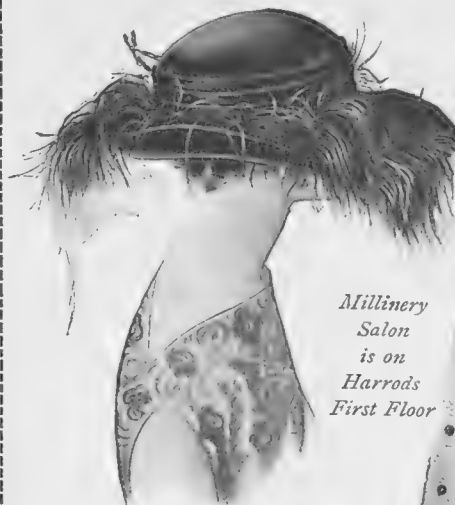
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Behind every 'Harrods' Hat there is an artist. Exquisite material and workmanship are also there, of course, but a 'Harrods' Hat is ever a creation, a fact that careful dressers are not slow to appreciate. Here are two examples



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Salon  
is on  
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LARGE PICTURE HAT (MI. 1958).—Copy of French Model. In black velvet, finished with uncurled feather which surrounds the back. **5½ Gns**

EFFECTIVE HAT (MI. 1957) (on right).—Suitable for Matron. Composed of black panne, finished with quilling of ribbon and lace veil. **5 Gns**

Without veil, **4½ Gns**

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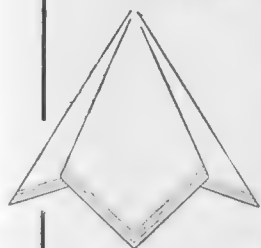
LONDON SW1

## HANDKERCHIEFS

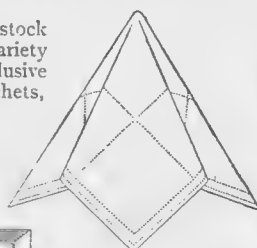
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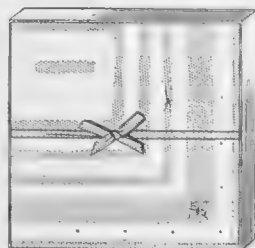
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P.5.—Pure linen handkerchief. 3 rows hemstitching. Very narrow hem. **17/6 per doz. 1/6 each.**  
Ditto with 6 rows of hemstitching, **23/6 per doz. 2/- each.**



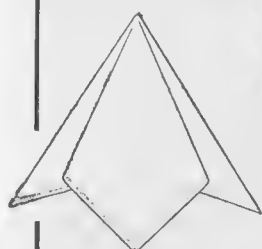
P.6.—Fine pure linen handkerchief, veined border and across centre. **23/6 per doz. 2/- each.**



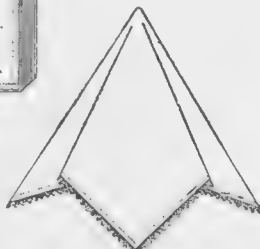
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PURE SILK MILANESE CHEMISE (as sketch), with opera tops, perfect fitting, medium size, full length, trimmed with copy of old Venetian lace; finished ribbon shoulder straps. In white, pink, sky, mauve and lemon.

PRICE

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PURE SILK MILANESE KNICKERS (as sketch), trimmed lace to correspond ... **21/9**

PURE SILK MILANESE KNICKERS (as sketch on figure), new wide shape, with band of lace round legs ... **25/9**

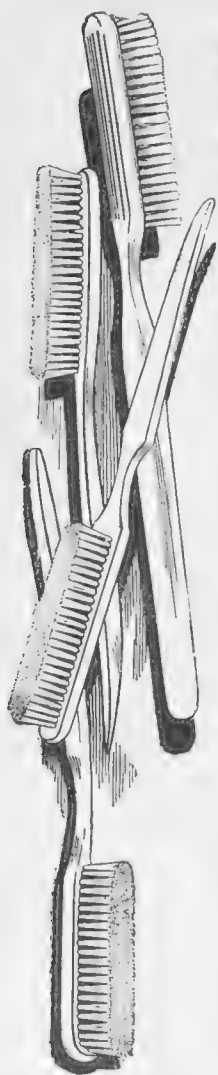
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Your dentist will tell you, the ordinary flat-faced or straight-handled tooth brush can brush the surface of your teeth, but never clean *in between* them.

The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush is shaped to fit the jaw, the bristles to fit the teeth, while the curved handle

gives easy access to all parts of the mouth.

Thus, the only brush that really cleans your teeth is the

# Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush

GENUINE only in YELLOW Box

Food particles left between the teeth cause decay and many resultant ills to digestion and nerves. Keep your teeth germ-free—use the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

"A clean tooth never decays."

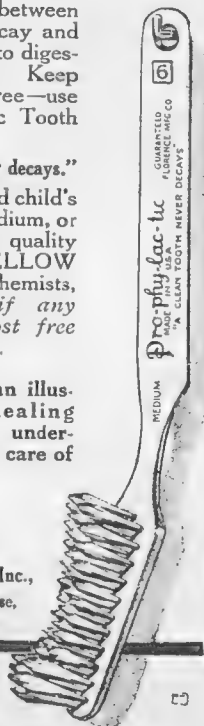
Adult's, youth's, and child's sizes—in hard, medium, or soft bristles—one quality only—always in YELLOW Box—3/-. Of all chemists, stores, etc., or, if any difficulty, sent post free on receipt of price.

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Price  
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Tan Calf Brogue Bar Shoe, smart toe, suitable for town or country wear; also in black.

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Prices that we can  
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Ladies' Patent Colt Lace Shoe, straight cap,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. heel (as sketch) .. **29/6**



Similar Shoe in Glace Kid, Grey, nigger, black and white suede.

**29/6**

Box Calf and Brown Willow Golf Shoe

**29/6**



Ladies' Brown Willow Calf, Derby Shoe, straight toe cap (as sketch) made on the hand-sewn principle.  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. cuban heel.

**29/6**



Patent Colt Court Shoe, round toe, cuban heel (as sketch). Trimmed Oxydised Slide.

**29/6**



Ladies' Glace Kid Lace Shoes, Patent toe cap.  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. heel in two shapes—medium and round.

**29/6**



Similar Shoe in Tan Willow Calf.

Glace Kid Court Shoe, round toe, cuban heel (as sketch), trimmed square letted and silver slide. Similar Shoe in white, grey, brown, or black suede.

**29/6**



## MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

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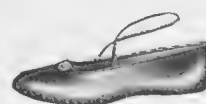
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**LITTLE BOY'S SUIT** (as sketch) in good quality Crêpe-de-Chine, the blouse trimmed hand hem-stitching and frills. In powder blue, saxe or ivory.

Size for 2 years.	Price
" 3 " ...	<b>55/9</b>
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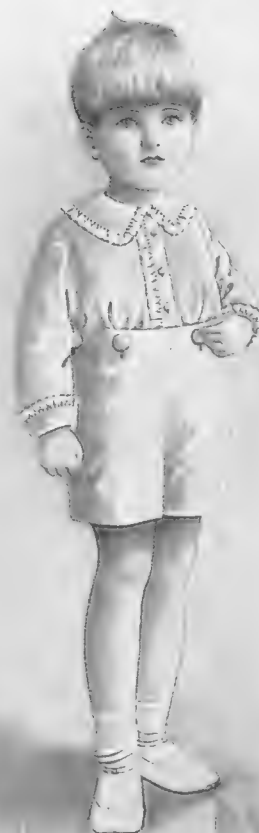
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(as sketch) in good quality satin, trimmed with silk rosette. In pale pink, sky, yellow, mauve, black and white.

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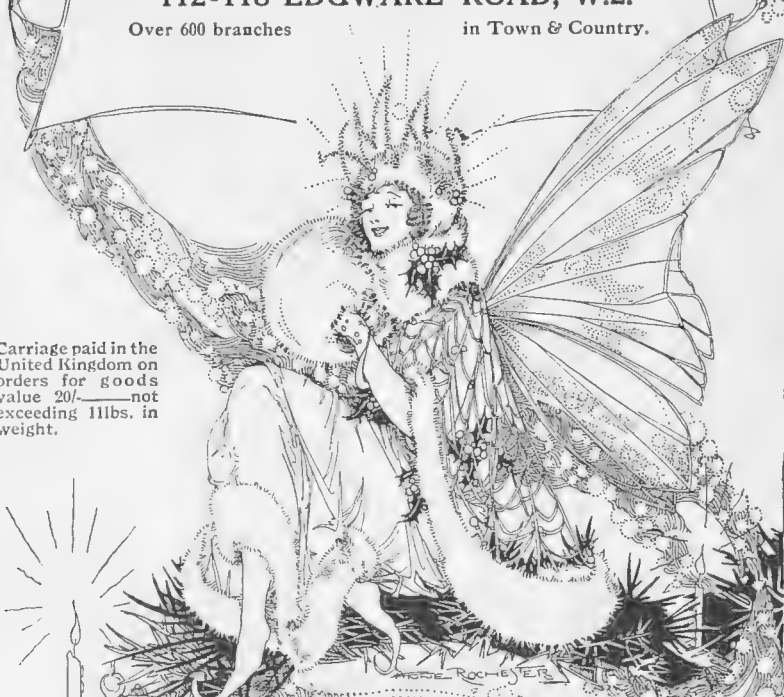
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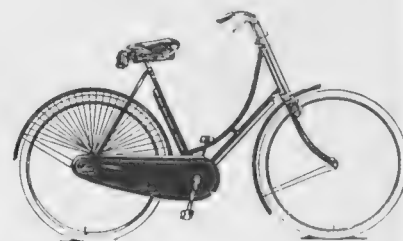
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Stand  
124  
Olympia

ON Stand 124 we are showing what has been described by outside critics as "Coventry's Finest Production" in motor-cycles: the 4½ h.p. Flat Twin Solo Standard Touring Model, famous for its silence on the road and conspicuous successes in strenuous tests. We are also featuring the 4½ h.p. Sports Model, a tempting proposition which should be inspected by all interested in this type of mount, besides two Combination Outfits—handsome throughout and typical of Humber workmanship.

4½ h.p. Flat Twin Solo Model	..	£110
4½ h.p. Flat Twin Sports Model	..	£100
4½ h.p. Flat Twin Combination Outfit		£144

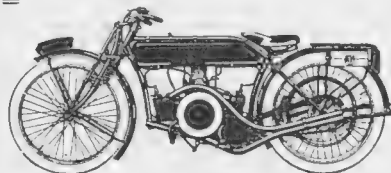
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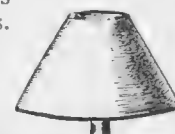
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Lamp in oak or mahogany, 13 inches high—fitted with Key Switch and Flex.  
Shade in fluted silk lined white silk. Cream, pink, rose, wine, purple, petunia, primrose, gold, orange green and blue.

Price 29/6 complete



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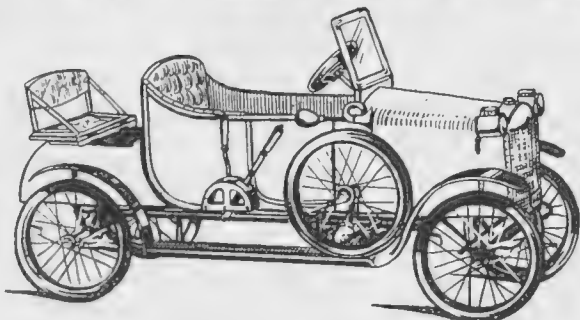
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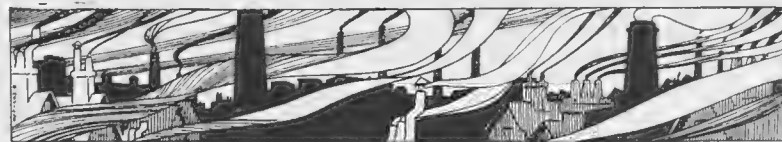
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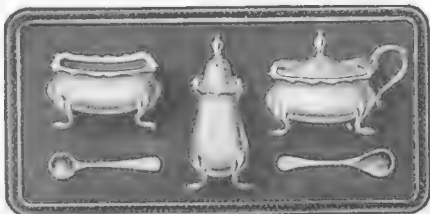
"THE GOLDSMITHS"

## Wilson & Gill

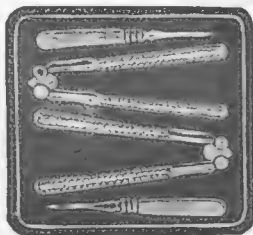
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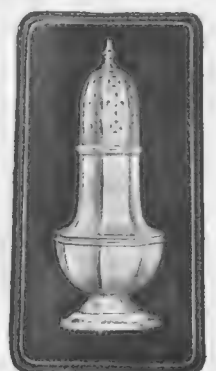
Solid Silver Salt Cellar (length 2 in.), Pepper and Mustard Pot and Spoons, in case ... **£3/15/-**  
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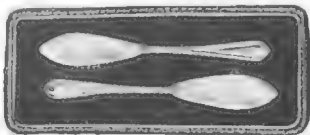


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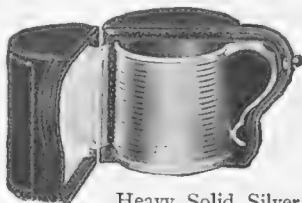


**NEW LUNCHEON SET**

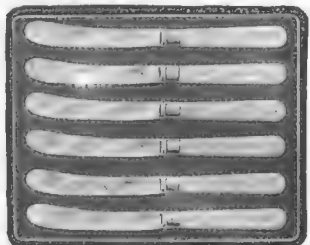
Solid Silver Sugar Dredger (height 6 in.), in case **£3/10/-**  
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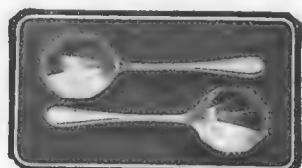
Pair Silver Butter Knives, length 4 1/4 in., in case, **£1** Single knives, **7/6** each



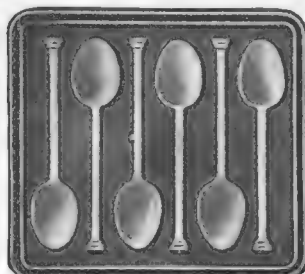
Heavy Solid Silver Child's Mug, 1/2 pint, **£3/15/-**  
1/2 pint, **£4/15/-** in case.



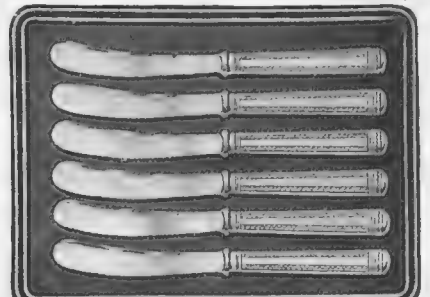
6 Finest Ivory-handle Tea Knives, with Stainless Steel Blades, in case ... **£2**  
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Pair Solid Silver Marmalade Spoons (length 5 in.), in case ... **£1/5/-**  
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6 Solid Silver Seal End Afternoon Tea Spoons, in case ... **£1/5/-**  
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The most enjoyable Winter Temperature in Europe—mean Temperature 59°.

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"SHELL" MOTOR LUBRICATING OILS ARE "AS SUPERIOR AS 'SHELL' SPIRIT"

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## THE CHARM OF FURS.

(See also page 356.)

**C**RUDELY, the use of furs as a clothing and adornment by women might well be regarded as one of the last traces of savagery in these days of civilisation. There are evidences that even in ante-diluvian times the skins of animals were as coveted as they are at the present time. Their charm and utility are as much appreciated to-day as ever, in spite of the fact that the fashion of wearing furs has endured throughout the ages.

Although the olden customs and toilettes were picturesque and interesting, and are even a source of wonderment to present-day students of mediæval and other periods, it is very doubtful whether craftsmen of bygone times were as skilful as the present-day furrier. Perhaps the fashions were simpler, but in any case the curing, dressing, dyeing and cutting of furs to "My Lady 1921's" requirements may be placed on a par with the most skilful trade or craft by which the man of to-day can earn his living.



IN ALASKAN SNOWS: THE TRAPPER AT WORK.

One imagines that in olden times men hunted and slew their animals, and on their return home presented their admiring women-folk with the skins, freshly stripped from the poor beasts' backs, as trophies of the chase—in modern commercial phraseology this might be called "direct supply." In these days, however, skins pass through very many hands and lands before they reach and repose 'midst the glamour of a Regent Street shop window. The trapper catches the animal in its native territory by all the wily means that only trappers know, and he must endure great hardships to ply his trade, and for this a life's experience is necessary.

He takes the skins in their raw state to a central station, which is

usually an outpost of a big combine, where they are traded and bartered for and then cured and roughly bundled to await exportation to one of the big sales which are held annually, but in very few places. These sales are national events, and prices fetched here have a direct bearing on the current prices for the coming season. In pre-war days one of the greatest fur sales used to take place at Leipsic; this is now being revived once more. St. Louis, U.S.A., and London itself also have their annual sales. There, hundreds of thousands of pounds' worth of skins are bought for shipment to the various countries for which they are intended.

The price of furs may often cause a woman's husband to raise his eyes to heaven in wonderment and horror and in unhappy anticipation of a stormy interview with his bank manager on the morrow; but if only he knew the intricacies, fluctuations, and difficulties of a skin-merchant, we think his emotions might be tempered with a little understanding. When those consignments of raw skins arrive in this country, they are unclassified and unsorted to a great extent. The merchant must buy in bulk and at an "all-round price," and lays himself open to many risks, the chief ones being—

- That the skins come safely through the ordeal of dressing—which is in itself a great gamble—entirely at his risk. In many species of furs one has to reckon on 20 per cent. *not* surviving this ordeal.
- After dressing, very many skins have to face another test—that of dyeing or "topping." Poor-quality skins do not emerge from this unscathed; they generally become practically worthless.
- As the skins are of different qualities, he must carefully sort them and trust to Providence and his own skill that there are sufficient of the superior qualities to counterbalance and compensate for the poor ones.

[Continued overleaf.]



THE SECOND STAGE IN THE HISTORY OF FURS: THE TRAPPER TRADES HIS SKINS.

# Charles Packer & Co Ltd.

## GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS

### AQUAMARINE AND DIAMOND JEWELLERY

Fine quality Aquamarine and Diamond drop Necklet.  
£19 10 0

Fine quality Oblong Ring.  
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Fine blue Aquamarine and Diamond Cluster Ring.  
£18 10 0

Fine blue Aquamarine Single Stone Brooch.  
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Illustrated Catalogue of Jewellery and Silver-ware  
sent free on request.

**76 & 78 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.**





*Even a perfect skin  
will grow harsh and lined*

if it is not treated every day with scrupulous care. Now the basis of every toilet is, bluntly, washing. The process of removing impurities from the skin is far more important to the health of the skin than the application of even the gentlest creams; and soap is of all cleansing agents the most efficient. But it must, first of all, be of such purity that the delicate pores and elastic tissues of the skin will suffer no harm. It must be no ordinary soap. It must be Pears. The processes by which Pears' Soap is prepared are unique, and for 130 years its supremacy has been absolute.

We take this opportunity of informing the great public who use Pears' Transparent Soap that for many years we have made oval tablets, square cakes, glycerine soap and 'wash balls' that are most delicately scented, and, in addition, oval and square tablets perfumed with "Otto of Rose."

*Pears'*  
**TRANSPARENT  
SOAP**

*Matchless for the Complexion*

Have you used *Pears'* Golden Series ?  
one of



BY APPOINTMENT TO  
H.M. KING GEORGE V.



**FINEST OLD  
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AN EXCELLENT SPECIMEN  
OF OLD LIGHT PORT

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SHIPPED, BOTTLED & GUARANTEED BY

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THE SIGNATURE THAT GUARANTEES  
QUALITY, PURITY & VALUE.



Continued.]

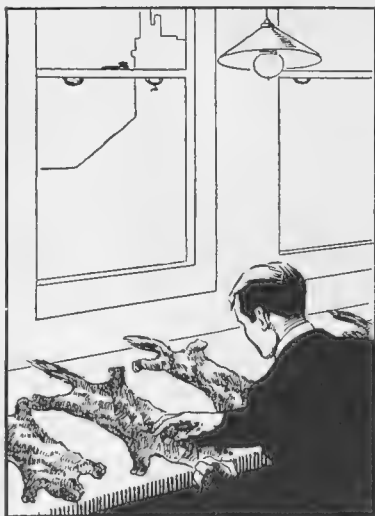
The merchant then distributes his wares amongst the "makers-up," and we arrive now at the more skilful part of the industry.

One of the primary and most difficult tasks of the master furrier is the "matching-up" of skins so that one can be sewn beside the other to maintain a continuity of colour. The layman does not realise the multiplicity of shades of these skins, even though they be of the same family. This matching can only be done in certain lights, and at certain positions in relation to the sun, to get a correct and uniform impression. Then follow the various processes of "dropping," "sewing," "damping," "nailing out," and numerous others which go to make the furrier's task one necessitating the highest technical skill, combined with good taste and an unusual amount of patience.

A tailor when making a coat can cut his cloth, but your furrier has, practically speaking, to make his cloth before he can cut it—he has also to be something of a naturalist. Certain skins must be "worked" in special ways, and he must know something of the nature of the animal that parted with its coat before he attempts to fashion it to My Lady's requirements.

The thought "Chacun son métier" may occur to the cynic, but we must remind him that the difference between highly skilled workmanship and scamped East End labour is more marked in fur garments than it is in most other commodities. If it is not evident at the time of purchase, it certainly is in a few months' time.

And so, when contemplating purchase of your fur coat for the coming season, remember that the reputation and standing of the firm offering the garment for sale should be one of the cardinal points influencing your decision. No reputable firm will risk their name by selling poor skins



THE FURRIER MATCHING UP THE SKINS IN A NORTH LIGHT.

shoddily worked at extortionate prices—and you will generally find that the discrepancy in price from "another you have seen" is accounted for by quality of skins and durability of workmanship.

The interesting illustrations to this article are supplemented by the photograph of the finished fur wrap which appears on page 356, as an example of furrier's skill.

Diaries are always a safe lead in the game of Christmas present-choosing, especially when they bear the magic name of Letts. Samuel Pepys would have revelled in the productions of Messrs. Charles Letts and Co., especially the large ones, with plenty of room for recording each day's doings. Some

of us, however, are not so discursive, and need only little pocket diaries for business and social engagements. Of these, as well as the big commercial sort, the firm produces a bewildering variety, including those specially designed for business men, poultry-keepers, nature-lovers, schoolboys, Boy Scouts, and Girl Guides. A larger one, which women will find exceedingly handy for home use, is the "Ladies' Year Book," for 1922, containing, besides diary spaces, all sorts of household information, pages for weekly tradesmen's accounts, and plans of the London theatres.



THE SKILLED WORKMAN NAILING OUT THE SKINS.

of a stag-hunt, called "The Chace." A pretty one for the nursery has a "Punch and Judy" illustration. There are others to suit various tastes—artistic, religious, military, and so on.



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revel in the transcendent beauty of tone and perfect technique of the World-Famed

## Marshall & Rose Angelus Player-Piano

The sole aim in its construction is to reach the very acme of player-piano perfection. The Angelus, the world-famed device by which you play the piano, is, among other features, exclusively fitted with the Melodant and Phrasing Lever. These wonderful devices make the Angelus the only player by which absolutely perfect musical interpretation is possible.

The superb Marshall and Rose Piano may be purchased either separately or fitted with the Angelus player. No other consideration enters into its construction than the finest materials for every part, worked up to perfection by the most skilled craftsmen who have devoted their lives to pianoforte construction.

The two in unison give you a superb piano and the ability to play it.

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**Marshall**  
& SONS LTD

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THERE is only one boot polish that will keep your shoes shining *all day long* and that is 'Nugget'—the polish which feeds the leather and makes shoes last longer. Do not wonder if this is so: order 'Nugget' and prove it.

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is made in the following colours: Black, Brown (Tan), Dark Brown, Toney Red, and White for patent leather. Sold everywhere in tins at 4s. and 6d. The 'Nugget' outfit, in metal case, is sold at 2/6.

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**WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.** 1809—1898. Educated at Eton and Christchurch, Oxford. The great Corn Law movement, and Cobden's struggle for free trade, engaged Gladstone's attention. His first great speech was delivered in 1852 in reply to a scathing attack by Disraeli. He became Chancellor of the Exchequer (in 1853), leader of the House of Commons and Prime Minister—an office which he held four times.

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doggedly pursuing an ideal,  
become leaders of men, so

“**Red Tape**”  
(TRADE MARK)  
**The Whisky**

achieves leadership in its sphere  
as expressing the utmost attain-  
able. A single bottle enables  
you to prove this for yourself.

*Sole Proprietors:*

BAIRD - TAYLOR BROS., Glasgow, SCOTLAND.

*“First in 1915—foremost ever since”*

**D**ISTINCTIVE construction and unflin-  
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ideals are impressively evidenced in the  
appearance and performance of PACKARD  
Motor Carriages. For only cars of master design  
and inherent worth could give, year after year, that  
character of service which one has come to expect  
as the natural heritage of PACKARD ownership.

*Ask the Man who owns one.*

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**NEW OVERHEAD VALVE ENGINES**  
ARE FITTED AS STANDARD TO  
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**GREATER  
SPEED,  
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For over ten years the Company has been  
designing high-efficiency overhead valve  
engines for racing cars and aircraft, and can  
claim an unrivalled experience in engines  
embodying this type of valve operation.

*They wisely deferred, however, the introduc-  
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until thoroughly convinced, after extensive  
experiments, that they had produced an en-  
gine suitable in all respects for touring work.*

The SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR CO., Ltd., Wolverhampton

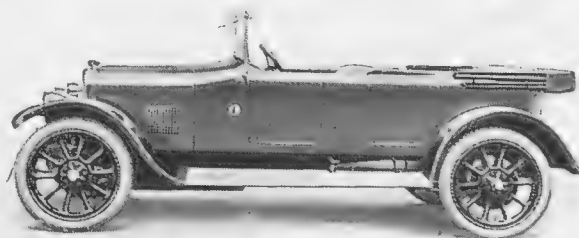
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## CITY NOTES.

## EASTERN TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

THE report of this important cable company for 1920 must be considered quite satisfactory, in spite of the fact that the net profit at £989,000 was some £323,000 lower than for 1919. Gross receipts showed an appreciable increase, and the lower net figures were accounted for solely by the heavy rise in working expenses. This latter feature was common to nearly every enterprise during the same period; and now that the cost of labour and commodities is down, the directors should be able gradually to correct the position.

An immense amount of capital expenditure was undertaken during the year, nearly a million and a half sterling being spent. The new issue provided two thirds of this sum, and the balance was charged against the general reserve fund. All these improvements should become more remunerative as time goes on, and the company's financial position is exceedingly strong.

## AGENT'S COMMISSION.

We have received the following letter from a correspondent who writes from a West End club, and we print it because we like to give both sides of the question. Frankly, we think the case might have been better presented, and we are not a little concerned at the final sentence: the cap, we can assure "Y. Z.," does not fit, but it sounds a little unkind!

DEAR SIR,—In your "City Notes" of the 9th inst. you publish a letter dealing with stockbrokers' half-commission agents, from a partner in a firm of brokers. Will you be good enough, therefore, to give publicity to mine dealing with the subject from the other point of view—namely, the agent's?

Your correspondent says that the broker does 80 per cent. of the work. Allow me as an agent, with all deference, to differ. Speaking for myself, and at least half-a-dozen other agents whom I know, we keep our clients posted in all statistics and facts affecting their investments, without reference to the broker (other than the use of his Exchange Telegraph Company's cards) who shares commission with us. In three years' experience, I know of no case where we have introduced a client who has involved risk to the broker. In most cases the broker would never have got the business at all but for us, and half a loaf is better than no bread. We it is, and not the broker, who are blamed by clients when investments go wrong. At least two of us have special knowledge in certain Markets which is not available to the broker. And, lastly, should your correspondent's contemplated reforms eventuate, I for one shall not continue in a business offering less remuneration than the present one in return for a great

deal of responsibility incurred in advising clients, which we assume altogether apart from the broker, and which we assume considerably more seriously than do some financial advisers who are not broker's agents.

I am, Yours, etc.,  
Y. Z.

## OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"Is there any chance of a boy getting a job in a Stock Exchange office?" asked Our Stroller.

The broker gazed at him long and earnestly. "A Stock Exchange office?" he repeated at length, as if his client had mentioned the League of Nations or an Income Tax Commissioner's.

"Yes, that's right. What's the matter with you? Do you know of a job that's going?"

"If I did, I'd jolly soon apply for it myself. Ye gods! To think of twenty-five shillings a week coming in for certain! You make my brain reel."

"How do you spell the 'real'?" Don't be childish. I'm asking for information—not for you to try to be funny."

The broker tapped his blotting-pad with his Apollinaris letter-opener.

"I know it's a bad time," Our Stroller agreed with the unspoken comment. "But—"

"There aren't many vacancies in Stock Exchange offices now," the broker replied.

"Yet some people are busy. I see one firm mentioned as doing three hundred, and another five hundred, bargains a day. Those must entail a lot of work."

"I don't know who the firms can be. Unless they're jobbers in the Consol Market. Why, even the brokers with a good banking connection aren't booking as many transactions a day as that. Has the boy any fancy for the City?"

"He wants to go to sea, only shipping is in such a bad way that his people hesitate to let him embark upon that."

"I like your apposite illustration. There's a lot of difference between sending a lad to sea and letting him come into a Stock Exchange office."

"Oh, I know well enough which will make the better man of him—"

The broker looked up quickly, but kept his thoughts to himself.

"I'll have a look round," said he, after a pause. "Public school?"

"St. Paul's."

"Matriculated?"

"All but."

[Continued overleaf.]

# "What is the Secret?"



THERE is no secret about the tone and compactness of the Decca: there is no secret about the "Dulciflex" (the patent bowl-shaped deflector) and the other patented features.

The many ingenious patented devices that contribute to the tone and portability of the Decca are inscribed for all the world to see—but not for all the world to use. The right to use these devices is a privilege confined to the Decca factory. And the possession of a gramophone that is at once truly portable and truly musical, is a privilege confined to Decca owners.

## THE DECCA

### THE PORTABLE GRAMOPHONE

Model 1 (Leather Cloth) ...	£6 15s.
Model 1A (Leather Cloth) ...	£7 15s.
Model 2 (Compressed Fibre)	£8 15s.
Nursery "Decca" ...	
Model 3 (Solid Cowhide) ...	
Model 4 (in teak for export) ...	£12 12s.



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THE DULCEPHONE CO., 32, Worship Street, London, E.C.2.  
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## Lavender Soap

Is one of the most charming of the little refinements of the toilet. Luxuriously scented with the famous Yardley Lavender Water, and made of extra fine materials.

Box of 3 large tablets .. .. . 3/6

Lavender Water 3/-, 5/-, 8/6. Lavender Face Powder 2/6 per box.

Of all Chemists, Perfumers and Stores, and from

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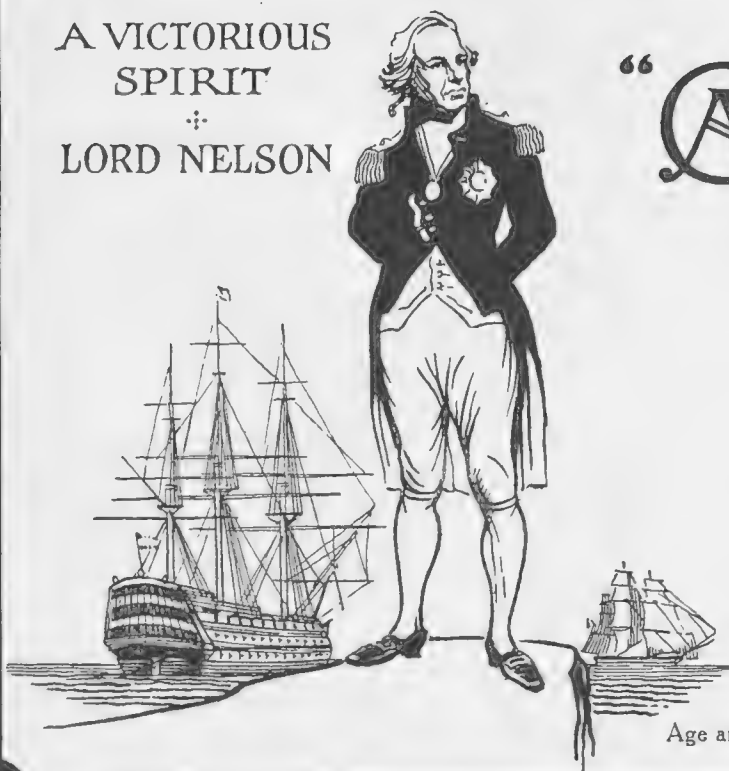
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By Appointment

Perfumery and Fine Soap Makers to  
H.R.H. The Prince of Wales.



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SPIRIT  
✦  
LORD NELSON



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The victorious spirit of our sailors was aided by the stout oak of Britain's "wooden walls."

"Canadian Club" is a British Spirit of mellow piquant flavour, aided by careful maturing in oak barrels for years before being placed on the market.

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WATERLOO HOUSE, HAYMARKET S.W.

Age and Genuineness Guaranteed by the Canadian Government.

Bertram Day's

## Pleasure while Shaving Comfort After

You wake up in the morning. What's the first trial of the day?—the shave. No!—not if you own a Kropp. A Kropp's different—it may sound incredible—but it *is*. The Kropp is the razor that shaves close, clean, delightfully smooth—almost by its own weight. Take a Kropp in your hand—feel its balance—examine its blade. There's a look of exceptional efficiency about it—an air that "means business." Ask any man you know who uses a Kropp—ask him if he ever used a Razor like it—ask him if he doesn't think the Kropp the best little friend he ever had—listen to the caressing tone in his voice as he answers convincingly—"Why, rather!"



### PRICES.

Black Handle, 10/6 Ivory Handle, 18/-  
Every Razor is packed in a Case.  
From all Hairdressers, Cutlers, Stores, &c.

Send postcard for a copy of "Shaver's Kit" Booklet No. 7.  
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*Selections sent  
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*Illustrated List "C"  
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The Watchmakers

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and

25, Old Bond Street, W.

Continued.]

"H'm. And yet he wants to go to sea. Why not try the Royal Marine Engineers? Plenty of scope there."

"I want to find a temporary place where he can mess about for a year or two in return for season ticket and pocket-money."

Again the broker swallowed something. After all, Our Stroller was a good client.

"I'll see what I can do," he said, "but I don't hold out much hope. I had hopes of our getting busy over Kaffirs, but they seem a hopeless case."

"Not such a hopeless case as a dozen empties."

The broker laughed. "I've been to the Oxford myself," he rejoined. "Good show, wasn't it?"

"What do Rand Mines pay?"

"This time last year the dividend was 4s. 3d., and they paid 1s. 9d. in August. That's six shillings. If they repeat the performance, at 2½ they'd yield"—he consulted "Wright's Yield Tables"—"£13 6s. 8d. per cent. on the money."

"That's not too bad. And Modders?"

"Let's see. Modders' last dividend was 10s. for the year. At 3½ you'd get about the same as on Rand Mines. Government Areas pay a bit more, and Central Mining will give you 10 per cent. tax free on the money."

"Will the companies keep up these dividends, now that gold has fallen so heavily?"

"Ay, there's the rub, as Aladdin said. Or was it Lord Leverhulme?"

"I thought, myself, it was Hamlet. But you know I've always a sneaking fancy for Kaffirs. Will they go lower?"

"Can't promise they won't, of course, because we never know what's going to happen in our place"—he jerked an apologetic thumb in the direction of the Stock Exchange—"but you can't possibly hurt, in my opinion, by having a few more now."

They had arrived in Throgmorton Street, and the broker pulled up at a group of men who were talking outside the House.

"We are making a little list," said one.

"We'll put him on the list; I'm sure he won't be missed," remarked another. "And nobody would put him down amongst the cheerful features. Just look at his ghastly grin!"

The broker pushed him off the kerb and sent his cigarette flying.

"Where there's a way, there's a Wills," said the other, lighting a fresh cigarette.

"Mexico is getting straighter; the Rand begins to settle down; the American exchange hardens up; the various Trade Unions are certainly more amenable to reason; Bank Rate's lower—"

"Steps in the right direction, surely," Our Stroller suggested; "but what about the unemployment caused by the modification of the battleship building?"

"If the labour can be utilised for more productive purposes than armaments, it must be uneconomic not to make the change."

"I don't quite see that. We've got to maintain our position amongst the nations."

"We'll beat our men-o'-war into motor accessories, and our spears into pogo-sticks. Still, I must admit a kind of feeling that naval reduction may be all right for dollar-developers like the Americans—three thousand miles from anyone; but for our own island, well—"

"It's a difficult problem. On paper, we're all for peace. In practice, how are we going to secure our own safety if the peace gets broken by some rattling Power?"

"I sold my Vickers some time ago, when I got out of Lever Preference. Good thing I did, too."

"There are plenty of things worth selling even now," declared a jobber. "Just as there are shares that ought to be bought."

"Only, the things worth selling have dropped to such preposterous prices that you hardly dare to tell people to get out at to-day's figures."

"The rise in Rubber shares provided a useful opportunity."

"Of which, dear lad, many people took a wise advantage. They ought to buy them back, of course, when prices go down, but Rubber isn't through the wood yet."

"And this rise in the Insurance list is going to be followed by another in Banking shares. They fell back; they went up again; had another drop; and now they're on the rise."

"Slippery things, banks seem to be," and Our Stroller laughed as he went off to lunch.

Friday, Nov. 25, 1921.

## ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

M. P. (Tonbridge).—If you had only written before you sent them money, we should have warned you, but we fear there is nothing to be done now. Do throw all such circulars away in future.

*The joys of the open road*

will be revealed to you at the

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Thomas Inch.

**I CURE WEAK NERVES**

I want every reader of the *Sketch* who suffers from nerve weakness or ill-health of any description to write at once for my free book on nerve trouble.

I can positively cure sleeplessness, the worry habit, irritability, palpitation, sudden exhaustion, heaviness of limbs, in fact, ANY heart, nerve or stomach trouble.

You cannot be happy or a social or business success with weak nerves. Let me make you fit so that you become the success you were meant to be. My treatment has been tested with difficult shellshock cases during the war and emerged with flying colours.

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I hold some extraordinary testimonials from pupils even over 60 as to the wonderful rejuvenating powers of the INCH HOME TREATMENT. You are invited to lay full details of your case before me, and I will send book and diagnosis by return without fee or obligation. Enclose a 3d. stamp.

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MUCH of the charm of really good chocolates lies in the variety and originality of their centres. There are nearly a hundred different varieties of Maison Lyons Chocolates to choose from, each delightful in flavour. A special preference for hard, marzipan or cream centres is catered for by the great variety in each of these kinds. Maison Lyons Chocolates have achieved their present popularity by their delicate flavour and high quality. Try just a half-pound box and you will no longer wonder why!



The dainty decoration of Maison Lyons Chocolates is indicated by this illustration of the MONTMORENCY. This chocolate has a centre of marzipan, cherry flavoured, and whorls of chocolate on top.

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Caterers by appointment to  
His Majesty the King.

When discussing the Annual Dinner of your Society or Regiment, remember that at the Trocadero each detail, from the floral decorations to the service, is in the hands of an expert; the result is a menage which is a surprise even to the most discerning.

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## BEAUTIFUL ARTIFICIAL MAYFAIR FLOWERS EXHIBITION NOW OPEN.



Orange Tree, as sketch, 22 ins., green tub.

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Larger sizes prices varying.



Azalea, height 15 ins., as sketch,

2 Gns.

Larger sizes (black bowls),  
4 and 6 Gns.



Tulips. 4/6 each.  
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All natural colours.



Rhododendron.  
Height 2 ft., as sketch,

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Other sizes from 25/-



Standard Fuchsia.  
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Other sizes from 12/6 to 12 Gns.

Write for Catalogue.

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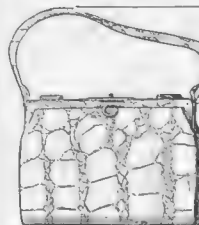
This attractive Knitted Suit is specially suitable for present wear. It is made in a mixture of wool and silk, and is most practical and becoming, and at the same time warm and comfortable.

KNITTED COAT AND SKIRT (as sketch, in new marl effect in a mixture of wool and silk, which wears well and is beautifully light and warm. In navy, grey, brown, fawn, and in black and white mixture effect.

PRICE

7½ Gns.

Sent on approval.



REAL  
CROCODILE  
LEATHER BAG

(as sketch)

lined leather,  
9-inch frame. A  
very attractive  
and useful bag.

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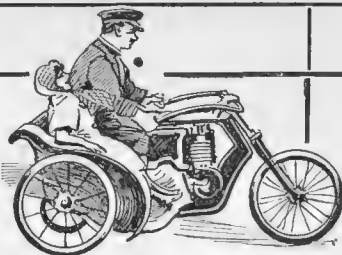
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Beautiful Dolls' Houses painted in red and white, with imitation tiled roof. Real glass windows and doors that open and close.

Price 16/9 to 6½ Gns.

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Motor - Bike, Side-car. Best clockwork, thoroughly reliable, painted in dainty colours.

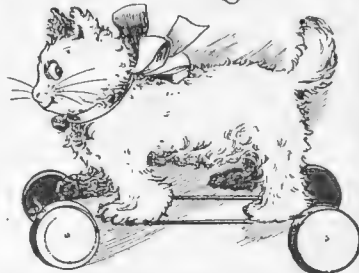
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Horsman Doll, unbreakable head and shoulders, stuffed body, white canvas shoes, coloured muslin and pique dresses

Price 22/6 to  
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Also in white muslin dresses, long and short clothes

From 22/6 to  
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Grey Cat on Wheels, best make procurable.

From 12/6 to 45/6

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Illustrations of children in various poses, some sitting and some standing, used for stationery.

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Time and usage alone will prove you wise if, when buying Black Hose, you see they are plainly stamped with the name "Hawley's."



Hawley-dyed Black Stockings and Socks, while the smartest wear, are healthy and comfortable. The indelible black dye does not transfer to the skin—will stand any amount of wear and washing—is unaffected by perspiration and quite stainless.

Always look for  
the name 'Hawley's'

Sole Dyers (to the Trade only)

**A. E. HAWLEY & CO. Ltd.**  
Hosiery Dyers, Bleachers and Finishers,  
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## Hawley's Hygienic Black

British Dye

FOR STOCKINGS & SOCKS  
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Hawley-dyed Black Hose are obtainable from leading drapers and outfitters, in styles and qualities to meet the needs of all.

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Made from specially selected skins in the most becoming shapes and worked by high-class skilled furriers.

Mole dyed Coney Coat, made from first quality skins of a most perfect colour, loose fitting and very comfortable but stylish shape, of which sketch is an exact copy.

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59 Gns.

### WONDERFUL VALUE

Special purchase of Rich Satin Ribbon. In colours, Ivory, Pink, Vx. Rose, Cherry, Light Copper, Royal, Light and Dark Saxe, and Jade. Usual price, 8/11 per yd.

To-day's  
price 5/11 per  
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of Knightsbridge

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## A PERMANENTLY WAVED HEAD OF HAIR.



# 'VASCO' PERMANENT HAIR WAVING

without which none of you ladies should be. In effect the waves or curls will last you about six months, and you will be able to dress your hair in any style you may desire, or, if bobbed, achieve a graceful-shaped head; you can wash it as much as you like, or expose it to damp climate and sea air. As mentioned heretofore, Mons. Vasco has been so successful in rendering this work perfect that he has gained for himself an unparalleled confidence of the public. The only cloud in such a serene undertaking is brought forward by some ladies who are still so sceptical, and afraid even of the name of Permanent Waves. It is very distressing indeed, but hereunder Mons. Vasco, in an open letter, will pass a few remarks on the subject.

LADIES,

Could I (with the great responsibility of keeping up the 20 years' untarnished reputation of my establishment, probably the largest of its kind in Europe) undertake to Permanently Wave ladies' hair on such a large scale, and strongly recommend it as I do, if I was not sure of beneficial results to my clients? I quite understand you being reluctant to try the novelty, because you have been told so many tales, and, incidentally, untruths. I will be as clear as possible, and I defy anybody in the world to contradict me. The secret of achieving a successful Permanent Wave rests entirely with the operator who prepares the hair before steaming it. The hair is wound "in my case" on a cone of my own invention which has done away altogether with that ugly frizziness so much complained of, producing instead a beautiful soft wave. If you have heard of failures the workmanship is at fault. **I emphatically advise you not to believe a word when you are told that the apparatus, machine, chandelier, or heating tubes are the principal factors in achieving a perfect Permanent Wave.** They are solely mediums for imparting heat to produce steam. Therefore, when you go and have your hair treated for Permanent Waves, make sure that the operators are competent, and do not take the slightest notice of any particular make of heating combinations. Six months or more after your first sitting you will be ready to come for another one, because your first experience will have taught you that you can only be really happy when your hair is nicely Permanently Waved. Naturally, like everything else where skill and knowledge is essential, a continual supervision is required. **Each head of hair must be carefully examined; if I find it unsuitable I simply refuse to submit it to the treatment. In fact, I give free consultations for the purpose, as alas! not all hair can be permanently waved.** I have been consulted by hundreds, of all ages, from the beautifully silvery white-haired lady to children of three and four. Fortunately only a small percentage could not be done, fault of the quality or thickness, or because previously ruined by bad dyes or too much bleaching, but all those to whom I recommended the treatment were all wonderful successes, therefore I do not see why any of you ladies should be scared by what in reality is the most innocent of processes if skilfully worked.

Hoping you will give me the honour of accepting my advice and explanations, I beg to remain,

Yours respectfully,

**T. VASCO.**

**PLEASE NOTE:** Owing to the great number of artist-operators employed and twenty Permanent Waving machines available, the necessity of making advance appointment is obviated. To permanently wave a whole head of hair, "ordinary thickness," it takes from two to two and a half hours, for bobbed hair, a little longer. For the comfort of clients we serve teas and luncheons. Charges for Permanent Waving: For a whole head of hair from £5 5s. od., for the front from ear to ear from £3 3s. od. Side Curls, 6s. per cone, one or two each side may be enough.

We have also specialists in attendance and accommodation for 25 ladies in the following departments: ORDINARY WAVING, HAIRDRESSING OR BLEACHING, SCALP TREATMENT. WE GIVE SHAMPOOS OF ALL KINDS AND OF THE PUREST QUALITY: HENNA, CAMOMILE, TAR, PINE, ETC.; AND, AS YOU PROBABLY ALREADY KNOW, THE HAIR WORK DEPARTMENT HAS BEEN RENOWNED FOR TWENTY YEARS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, therefore we hope to have the honour of your visit for anything relating to your hair, when we will be happy to place our knowledge at your disposal, and you ladies, living afar or abroad, please write to us for any information or advice on your hair; or, if it is hair-work you need, send all particulars of your requirements, and we guarantee that for style, quality, workmanship, and fitting, we cannot be equalled.

We are agents for **GLORIAS SHAMPOO BALSAM**, the most wonderful preparation for washing the hair. Sold at 1/6, 2/9 and 5/9 per tin post free.

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Who number amongst their Staff the Winners of the Prizes of Honour at the following Hairdressing Competitions:—  
ONE HUNDRED GUINEAS CUP, 29 Nov., 1920 ONE HUNDRED GUINEAS SHIELD, 30th May, 1921.



By Appointment.

## Reliable Milanese Underwear

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Pure Silk Milanese Vests, of good quality, handsome real filet and guipure lace top, satin ribbon shoulder straps. In. White, Pink, Lemon, Mauve or Sky.

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Knickers to match 29/6

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Most useful for Xmas and wedding presents, 250 fine quality real Shirvan, Shiraz, and Kazack Rugs in various sizes from .5 ft. x 3 ft. to 6 ft. x 3 ft. at **£8 15 0**, **£9 10 0** and **£11 10 0** each

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## Smart Tailored Gowns for Winter Wear in Town or Country

# 6 GNS.

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in pure wool BLIGHTY HOMESPUNS, woven by WAR-DISABLED SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

Each gown is cut, tailored and finished in Nicoll's own workrooms.

Exceptionally large ranges of patterns are available, including many beautiful combinations for those who like colour, as well as rich, subdued tones.

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MODEL A 1653.

The illustration is one of these Blighty Homespun Gowns.

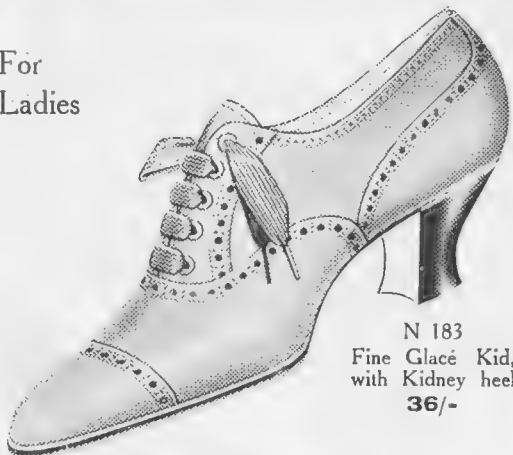
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No. 5  
(Scotch)

For  
Ladies



N 183  
Fine Glacé Kid,  
with Kidney heel  
36/-

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then use your own."

ASK your shoe-man about NORVIC, ask those ladies who wear them—ask any shoe manufacturer you may know what he thinks about Norvic, the Shoe-de-Luxe, and you will find an extraordinary consensus of good opinion. Your shoe-man, even if he is not an Agent for Norvic, will readily grant you their superiority. Your manufacturing friend, if he is one of those who have secured a pair for the purpose of taking them to pieces to find out the secret of NORVIC excellence, will tell you they are good all through, and your convinced wearer of NORVIC will be loud in her praises. Then, having taken note of all this, try them for yourself.



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### THE SHOE DE LUXE

Write for Name of Nearest Agent and Booklet of Styles:  
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THAT WE CAN RECOMMEND  
WITH THE UTMOST CONFIDENCE  
SUITABLE for XMAS PRESENTS

Write for Catalogue.



K. 8. Fancy wool sports, Scotch make, in various colours.

19/6 per pair.  
Also in spun silk, 42/9

K. 6. The Famous Milwaukee original holeproof silk stocking in black, white & colours. Thoroughly recommended.

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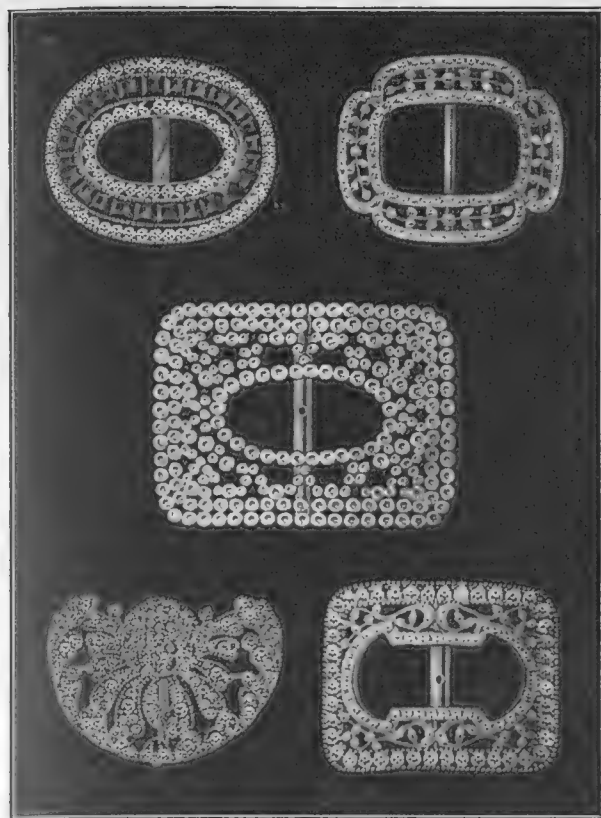
8/6 per pair.

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LONDON W.1



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SHOE SLIDE (FJ133) (top left), Latest style, in finest quality French Paste and jet in oxydised setting - **63/-**

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SHOE SLIDE (FJ134) (bottom left), Beautiful Chrysanthemum design in fine French Paste - **55/-**

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LONDON SW 1

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LINGERIE SET in heavy-weight Milanese Silk, trimmed with Silk Braid Beading (as sketch), and in other exclusive designs. In Pink or Ivory.

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CAMI - COMBS to match - - - - - 45/9

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Buckingham Palace Rd., S.W.1



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DINNER FROCK of exclusive design, made from rich quality gold or silver tinsel and silk brocade in handsome colourings; simple pouched bodice, and skirt having side drapery and swathed at hips with own material.

PRICE

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Cannot be sent on approval.

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This Cap cannot be obtained elsewhere, its make and quality throughout are exquisite. The largest stock of exclusive designs in Helmets, Solar Topees, and Double Terais in the World. Models particularly suitable for India, Nigeria, Egypt, South Africa, etc.

A selection of any Hats sent with pleasure on approval, on receipt of reference, or cheque will be returned if not approved.

N.B.—Robert Heath Ltd. have no agents or branches, therefore their well-known hats can only be obtained from the address given below.

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H.M. Queen  
Alexandra,  
H.M. the Queen  
of Norway.

**ROBERT HEATH**  
of Knightsbridge.



ONLY ADDRESS:

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Delta  
605B-606B  
42/- & 45/-  
Black Box Calf  
& Brown Willow

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The best leather for rough days is good box-calf—the kind of which Delta 605B is built. Its strength and closeness of fibre make it warm and wet-resisting. At the same time this leather is so pliable as to give the greatest ease in walking.

The stout sole and heel emphasise the constitutional soundness of Delta 605B. This shoe (like its fellow in brown willow—606B) is cut on the characteristic Delta lines—with the close grip of instep and heel that adds so much to the comfort of a shoe. With a range of 24 sizes and widths, a perfect fit for every normal foot is assured.

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*Lotus  
& Delta*

41

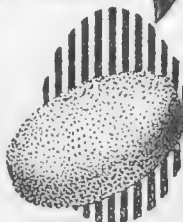
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Made from  
only the  
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Ask your  
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To-day  
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**WELCOME ALWAYS—KEEP IT HANDY  
GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY**

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There is a simple beauty about Worth's Model No. 677, together with its comfortable support to the figure, and flowing lines that will secure for it the instant approval of the wearer. This corset belt, in loosely woven elastic, has no steels of any description and it laces at the back as shown in the illustration. As easy to put on as a stocking. In both White and Rose. Depth. 15 ins. In sizes 21 - 26.

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The warmth generated by Thermogene restores free circulation and relieves blood-pressure on the nerves. The pain subsides and passes away—the sufferer is enabled to sleep.

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CURATIVE WADDING

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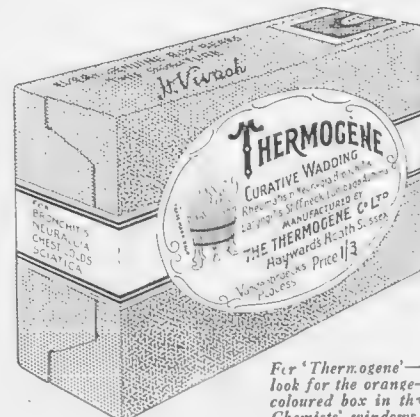
Millions of sufferers have used Thermogene, and gratefully acknowledge the ease and comfort it provides.

Thermogene is soft, dry, medicated wadding, easy to apply and easy to keep applied. It contains no violent or blistering agent. As effective with children as with adults. Always sure and certain in action.

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HAYWARDS HEATH SUSSEX.



For 'Thermogene'—look for the orange-coloured box in the Chemists' windows.

## GENERAL NOTES.

CHRISTMAS without cards would be shorn of half its joy. In this respect Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons, who justly claim to be pioneers in the World's Art Service, provide everything that can possibly be wanted in bewildering profusion. At the head of their list for this season stands once more a handsome set of Royal Christmas cards printed for the King and Queen, Queen Alexandra, the Prince of Wales, and (for the first time) Princess Mary. From the wonderful variety of their other productions, including cards, calendars, picture postcards, and "auto" stationery, it is difficult to make choice. Many handsome cards have reproductions of religious subjects by famous artists. Particularly charming, too, is a large card with Miss Jennie Harbour's picture, "Blow, Winds, Blow," in colour; and there is a dainty assortment of children's cards painted by Milicent Sowerby. Another attraction for young folks is a set of coloured postcards of houses for cutting out and building. Among the "Auto" stationery the "Silhouette Mascot" series, with black cats on coloured pottery, is especially pretty.

The Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops are admittedly one of the finest organisations for the assistance of ex-Service men, and everyone must feel that it is a tragedy that four of these shops have had to be closed down for lack of funds. The Government has, however, come to the rescue—*conditionally*; for a grant of £25 per man will be made if the organisers can obtain sufficient public support to secure the financial solvency of the workshops. It is therefore essential that the concert at the



ENGAGED TO VISCOUNT SANDON: THE HON. HELENA COVENTRY.

The Hon. Helena Coventry, whose engagement to Viscount Sandon, only son of the Earl and Countess of Harrowby, has been announced, is the elder daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Deerhurst, and grand-daughter of the Earl of Coventry. The marriage will, it is stated, take place shortly.

Photograph by Swaine.

Central Hall, Westminster, on Wednesday evening, December 7, should be well attended. Tickets are only 10s. 6d., 5s. 9d., 3s. 9d., or, unreserved, 2s. 4d., and the programme includes songs by the Earl of Shaftesbury, K.P.; harp solos by Lady Brittain; and 'cello solos by Miss Beatrice Harrison. The Band of the Irish Guards is also giving its services, and a first-rate evening's entertainment is promised. Tickets are obtainable from all agents, the Central Hall, and the offices of the Memorial Workshops, 122, Brompton Road.

The Heritage Craft School at Chailey, Sussex, has been carrying on its splendid work for crippled children for a good many years now, and Monday, January 9, is the date fixed for the Heritage Ball at Lewes in aid of this excellent institution. Tickets, price 30s. each, are obtainable from Viscountess Portman, Bryanston, Blandford, Dorset; Lady Burrell, Knepp Castle, Horsham; any of the other patronesses, or from Mrs. Henry Deardon, Lyhoath, Lindfield, Sussex, who is one of the Hon. Secretaries of the ball, which is under the immediate patronage of H.R.H. Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll.

The concert given yesterday afternoon (November 29) at 56, Prince's Gate, S.W., by kind permission of Mrs. Herbert Norris, was in aid of the Theatre Girls' Club, 59, Greek Street, Soho Square, a splendid organisation, which exists for the benefit of the humbler members of the theatrical profession, whether in or out of employment. The programme was arranged by Miss Lily Crawforth; and Lady Tree, Mlle. Yvonne Arnaud, Mr. Ernest Groom and Mr. Herbert Dawson were among those who gave their services.

## OUR £100 COMPETITION.

## ANSWER THESE THREE QUESTIONS:—

1. What feature, from the literary, artistic, or printing point of view, do you think best in "The Sketch"?
2. What feature, from the same points of view, do you like least in "The Sketch," or would prefer to be omitted from its pages?
3. What feature not at present published in "The Sketch" would you like to see introduced?

No literary, technical, or artistic talent is required. Study of the paper and common-sense are alone needed.

ONE HUNDRED POUNDS (£100) WILL BE GIVEN FOR THE THREE BEST ANSWERS from any one reader to the three questions printed here. It must be understood, of course, that the Editor's decision as to the winner of the prize is final and cannot be discussed.

Each set of questions and answers should be written on a sheet of paper and signed with a pen-name. Another sheet of paper should bear your pen-name and your actual name and address. Thus:

## SHEET 1.

1. The feature I like best in "The Sketch" is (e.g. "Molley Notes"); because, etc., etc.
2. The feature I like least in "The Sketch" is (e.g. "Molley Notes"); because, etc., etc.
3. The feature I should like added to "The Sketch" is, etc., etc.

(Signed)  
CROIX DE GUERRE.

## SHEET 2.

CROIX DE GUERRE.

ADAM ABEL,

3917, Blank Grove,

W.

On receipt of these, the sheets will be separated, and the Editor will only see the pages signed with the pen-name. This is so that the Editor of *The Sketch* may not know to whose opinion he has given the prize, until after he has given the decision. Thus he will judge without knowing whose opinion he has seen.

The name of the winner and his, or her, address will be published; but, obviously, not the suggestions.

NOTE.—All answers must reach "The Sketch" Office, 15, Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C.2, before Jan. 1, 1922. They should be addressed, "Competition," "The Sketch," 15, Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C.2.



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OVERSTRAND is a veritable golfer's haven. Apart from the choice of about half-a-dozen splendid courses, you've got a huge net in the hotel grounds where you can put in some top-hole practice at those shots you're weak on. We get an ex-international up here occasionally—worth watching awfully decent chap, who will put you up to some great strokes.

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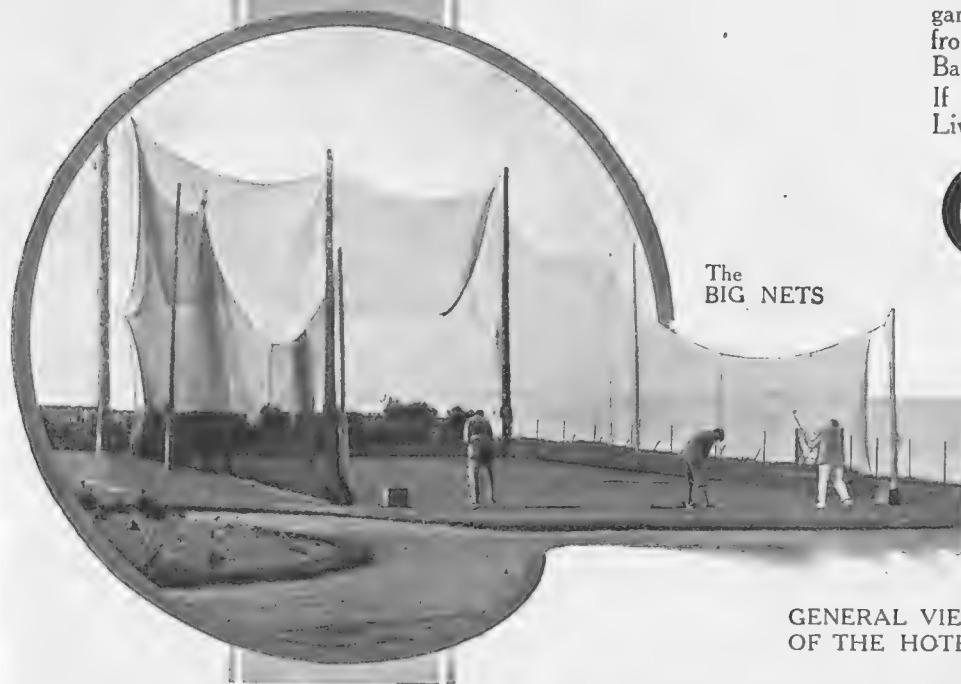
for a few days or a long week-end.

Shove a few things into a suit case, grab your sticks, and fix up at the Overstrand. The weather is just gorgeous—come along up while it lasts. It'll do you a world of good. There's excellent golf at Cromer links—also at Sheringham. At Mundesley you've got a 9-hole course for the ladies—little further afield, the famous Brancaster and Hunstanton courses. Hard courts also, if you like Tennis. If you are a motorist—bring your car along; there's fine garage accommodation at the hotel, and the road down from London is in first-rate order—best route is *via* Barnet, Hatfield, Baldock, Royston, Newmarket, Norwich. If not, well, you've got a couple of fine trains from Liverpool Street—10 a.m. and 3.10 p.m. daily.

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DRESSING GOWNS

and cordially invite inspec-  
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Suitable for Xmas Presents.

G.1. Best French Suede at half-price. White and black, 1-button, fine make ... **4/6** per pair.

Two - Button white chevronette Suede ... **7/6** per pair.

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G.3. Arabian Lambskin mocha finish Gauntlets in tan and slate ... **13/9** per pair.

Same design in heavy tan chevronette Suede ... **10/9** per pair.

G.4. Best Raybuck Deer, just like reindeer, specially selected leather in tan and slate lined white fur ... **25/6** per pair.

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Satin evening shoe, medium toe and heel, suitable for girls. In black, white, pale blue, and pink. Price **25/9**

Smart mole suede Court shoe, with square paste buckle, suitable for afternoon or evening wear. Price **35/9**

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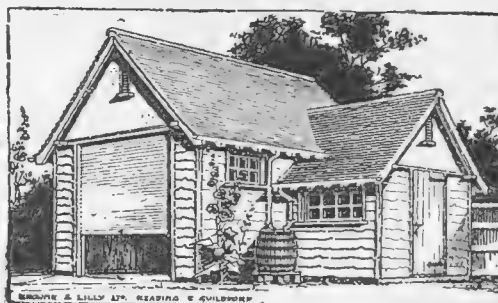
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Guides (stamp) from Town Clerks (Dep. S.C.12).



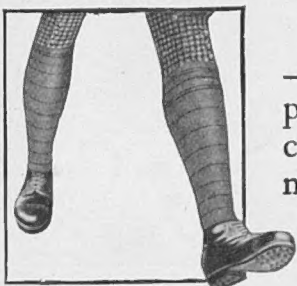
# YOUR OUTFIT for the Winter Sports

should certainly include a pair of

## FOX'S PUTTEES

(F.I.P.—Fox's Improved Puttees)

"Non-Fray Spiral."



They are hygienic  
—giving full weather  
protection, warmth  
combined with the  
necessary ventilation  
—perfect ease and  
comfort.

*Made in many Shades for both  
Ladies' and Men's Wear.*



The spiral fit and  
non-fray edges ensure  
neatness and smartness  
—the super-quality  
material guarantees  
both long wear and  
good appearance.

For LADIES: With Spats	-	-	-	12/6	per pair.
(detachable, 1/- extra)	-	-	-		
Without Spats	-	-	-	7/6	"
For MEN: Regulation Heavy-weight	-	-	-	9/-	"
Extra Fine Light-weight	-	-	-	11/-	"
Extra Fine Light Shade	-	-	-	12/-	"

### CAUTION.

See that the name 'FOX' is on the metal discs  
(right and left), attached to every genuine  
pair of FOX'S New Non-Fray Spiral Puttees.



Patentees and Sole Manufacturers:

**FOX BROS. & CO., Ltd. (Dept. E),**  
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260, West Broadway, New York, U.S.A.



# FOX'S



# PUTTEES

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**ADELPHI.** Strand. (Ger. 2645) "THE GOLDEN MOTH."  
EVERY EVENING, at 8. MATINEES WEDS. & SATS., at 2.  
W. H. BERRY, Roberts Michaelis, Thorpe Bates, Cicely Debenham, Nancie Lovat,  
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**COMEDY.** (Ger. 3724) "THE FAITHFUL HEART."  
By Monckton Hoffer. Mary Odette.  
GODFREY TEARLE. MATINEES THURS. and SAT., at 2.30.  
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full cast. Mats. Tues. and Thurs., at 2.15. Xmas. Week Twice Daily, 2.15 & 8.15,  
"THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS," with José Collins

**GARRICK THEATRE.** (Ger. 9513) RUBY MILLER  
in "THE EDGE O' BEYOND."  
By GERTRUDE PAGE, Authoress of "Paddy the Next Best Thing."  
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Nightly, at 8.30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, at 2.30.  
"WOMAN TO WOMAN."

**PALACE.** (Ger. 6834) THE CO-OPTIMISTS  
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KEEPS THE HAIR YOUNG  
used by PRETTY WOMEN all over the WORLD.  
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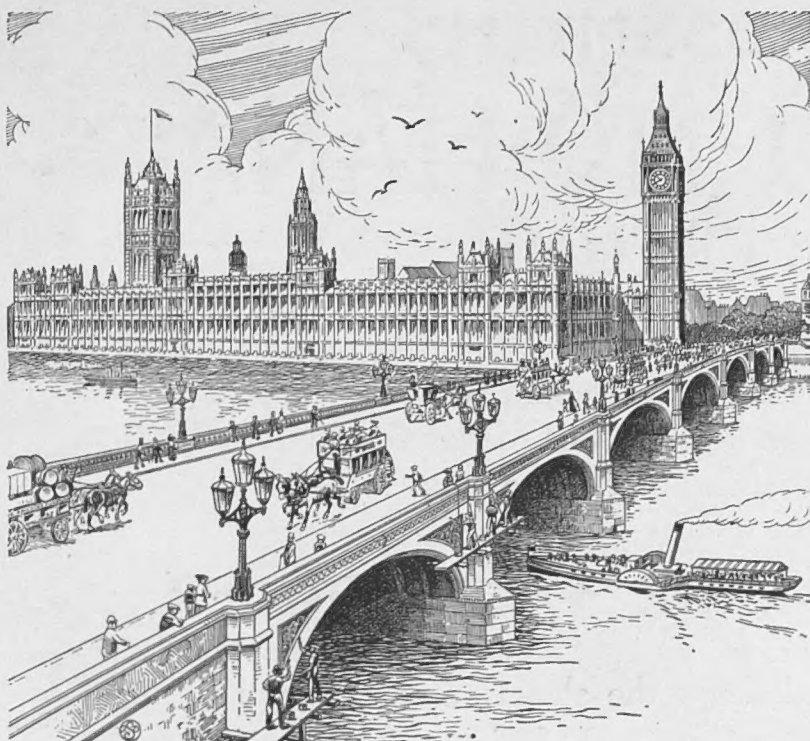
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Fashions in 1906.

These announcements have traced the changes of fashion which took place during the first sixty years of the Firm's career. It is not proposed to extend the series beyond the year 1906, although a number of pictures could be added, dealing with the years 1914-18, a period during which Messrs. Robt. Ingham Clark & Co., Ltd., manufactured many hundred thousand gallons of Dope, Varnish and Enamel for use on fighting aeroplanes.

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THE durable nature of this enamel renders it the most desirable decorative material. It is used by the leading Decorators, and is obtainable through high-class builders' Merchants.



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The cut of your tobacco is as important in its way as the cut of your coat. Look at the curious circlets of which Three Nuns is composed. Each is a perfect blend in itself—which means that each pipeful is perfect all through. And this distinctive cut also ensures a slow, cool smoke. Men who smoke Three Nuns never dream of trying any other tobacco.

## KING'S HEAD

if you prefer a fuller mixture

Both are sold everywhere in the following packings only:  
Packets: 1-oz. 1/2; 2-oz. 2/4. Tins: 2-oz. 2/5; 4-oz. 4/8.



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	10's	20's	50's	100's
Medium	6 <sup>d</sup>	1/-	2/5	4/8
Hand Made	8 <sup>d</sup>	1/4	3/4	6/8

Stephen Mitchell & Son, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Limited, 30 St. Andrew Square, Glasgow

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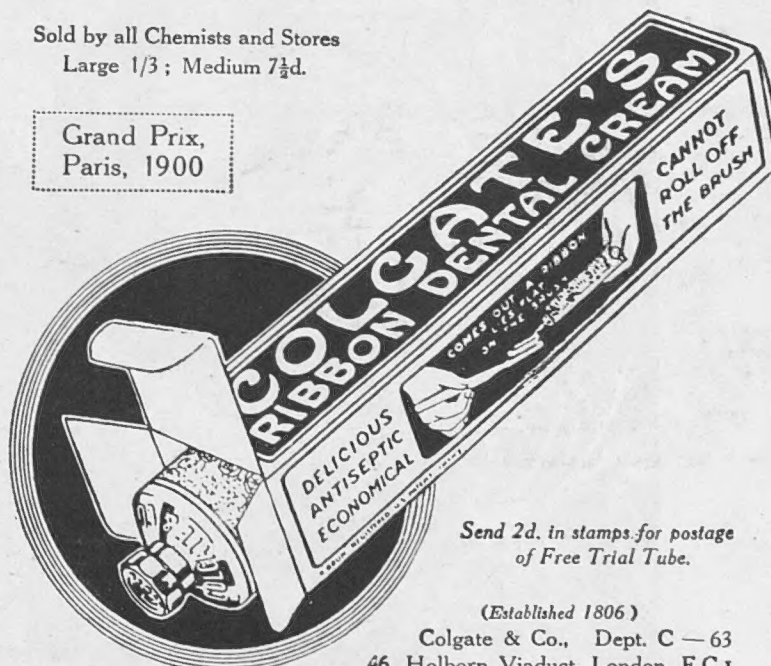
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*The Scent of the Japanese Lotus Lily.*

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Shampoo Powders, 3d. each; Brilliantine (Liquid), 2/-; (Solid), 1/4; Talcum Powder, 1/3;  
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